MAY 11, 1981

$1.50

TIME

LEBANON
High-Risk Conflict

BASEBALL '81

It's Incredible!

OAKLAND'S BILLY MARTIN

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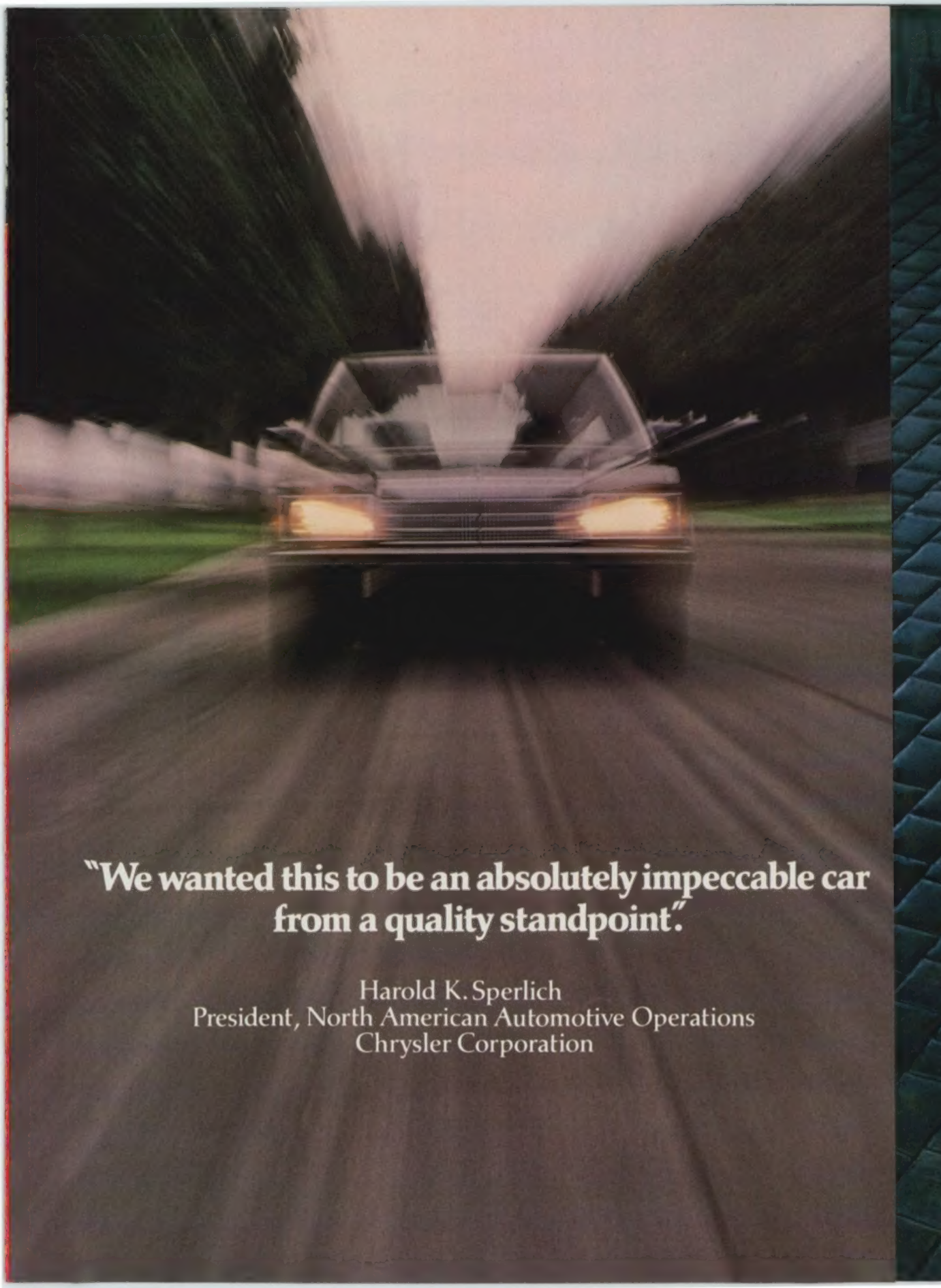
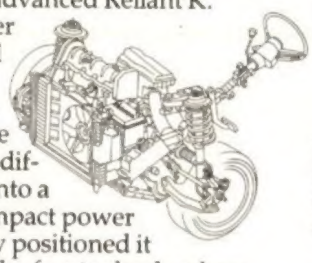


"We wanted this to be an absolutely impeccable car from a quality standpoint."

Harold K. Sperlich
President, North American Automotive Operations
Chrysler Corporation

The Plymouth Reliant K: Chrysler Engineering developed advanced front-wheel-drive technology to achieve America's highest gasoline mileage in a six-passenger car. 41 25 mpg:**

With expertise gained from more than 11 billion owner miles of front-wheel-drive experience,† Chrysler engineered the technologically advanced Reliant K.



Chrysler combined engine, transmission, drive shaft and differential into a single compact power unit. They positioned it between the front wheels where it can't protrude into the passenger compartment.

The result is ample room for six American-sized passengers. Plus a spacious 15 cubic foot trunk. All in a car that's smaller on the outside than the average American compact. And rated 41 est. highway 25 EPA estimated mpg.**

The Chrysler 2.2 litre "Trans 4" with Electronic Fuel Control. A significant step forward in automotive engineering.

Chrysler's basic engine objective is maximum gas mileage without sacrifice of good performance.

Designed for every "Trans 4" engine is an electronic computer that continuously adjusts timing and air-fuel ratio to an ideal mixture as driving conditions change. The result is exceptional fuel economy, smoother engine performance, lower emissions.

The Reliant is a do-it-yourselfer's dream.

Equally important in the "Trans 4" design is its common sense engineering for ease of servicing.

Many major service parts—spark plugs, wiring connections, filters and fluid reservoirs—are up front on top within easy reach. 8 basic service operations that require 79 minutes and 20 tools in a Chevy Citation take only 33 minutes and 8 tools in a Reliant.††

Quality that will make our friends from Japan sit up and take notice.

Chrysler has invested over 2 billion dollars rebuilding its factories for advanced technology. Reliant is assembled in one of the world's most sophisticated plants.

For example, 98% of Reliant's 2600 body welds are made by batteries of computerized robots—for greater precision and strength.

Each engine is tested by electronic computer for 37 different functions. 66 individual tests. If it doesn't score 66 straight A's, it doesn't go into a Reliant K.

In total, a Reliant gets over 2000 checks for fits, function and alignments for a level of Chrysler quality never before achieved.

Reliant is the car that Americans have been asking for.

Over the first half of this model year, Chrysler new car sales are up compared to a year ago. GM, Ford, Datsun, Toyota are down.

The K cars are the key reason for Chrysler's gains. Americans have shopped, compared and discovered Reliant delivers the high mileage they need, the room they want at a price they like.

$5880* is the surprising price of the base model Reliant K Coupe.

The 4-door sedan is $100 more. Standard features include: rack-and-pinion steering, front disc brakes, 4-speed manual overdrive, concealed windshield wipers, custom pleated vinyl interior, woodgrain accented instrument panel, glass belted radials, wrap-around vinyl body side molding.

$6595* equipped the way most Americans like it.

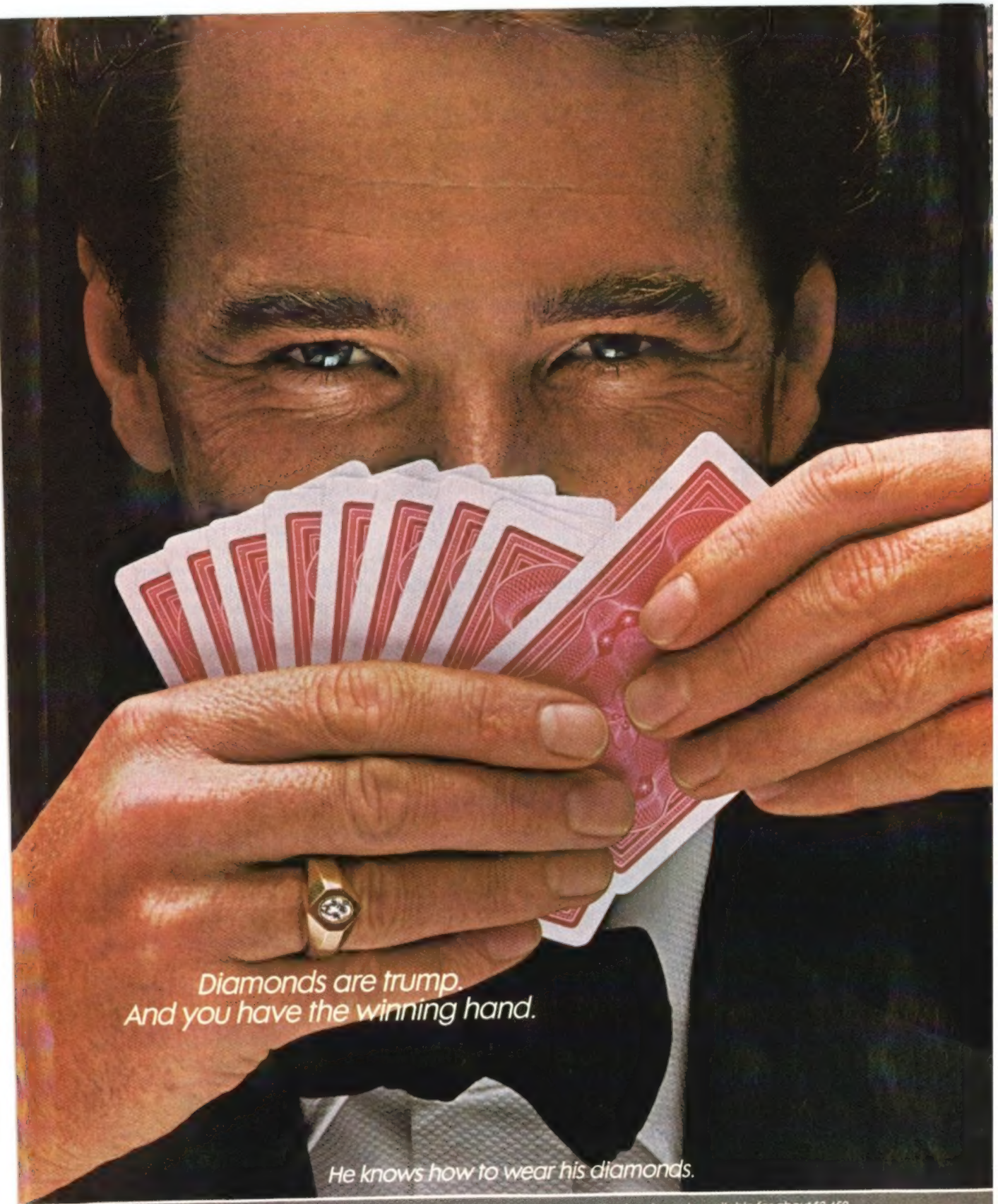
Start with the $5880* base Reliant, then add any or all of these: automatic transmission $360, power steering $174, deluxe wheel covers $40, white side wall radials $51, AM radio $90, for a total of $6595. Other options: power brakes $82, tinted glass $75, rear defroster $107, air conditioner $605.

Plymouth

The New Chrysler Corporation

†Based on U.S. sold vehicles with an est. 15,000 miles per vehicle yearly. **Use EPA est. MPG for comparison. Actual mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage probably lower. Ca. ests. lower. *Sticker prices exclude title, taxes and destination charges. Whitewalls $51 extra on base Reliant Coupe.

††Test conducted by Detroit Testing Laboratory Inc. 10 randomly selected do-it-yourself car owners performed 8 basic service operations on Plymouth Reliant equipped with 2.2 litre engine and Chevrolet Citation equipped with 2.5 litre engine. Both cars without air-conditioning.



Your jeweler can show you other exciting trends in men's diamonds starting at about $400. The ring shown is available for about $2,450. Prices may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions.

A diamond is forever. De Beers

MAY 11, 1981 Vol. 117 No. 19 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Here at TIME we take appropriate pride in our work, but it is always gratifying to get a pat on the back from someone else. In the past two weeks TIME's writers and editors were given four prestigious "pats," bringing to 28 the number of awards the magazine has received this year. TIME is especially pleased to be honored with a National Magazine Award for Essay and Criticism for three pieces written by Senior Writer Lance Morrow. The judges cited "Rediscovering America" (July 7, 1980), "The Return of Patriotism" (March 10, 1980) and "Back to Reticence!" (Feb. 4, 1980) as "sharply observed, deeply felt and very well written examinations of contemporary American society." Says Morrow, who has been doing Essays for TIME since 1977: "The U.S. is full of possibilities and strange, vivid trajectories. That is why it is so interesting to write about. Americans have a vast moral self-consciousness: they need to know what they think of themselves."

Lance Morrow

John Elson

Neil MacNeil

For its special issue on the Soviet Union (June 23, 1980), TIME won the Overseas Press Club Award for the best magazine interpretation of foreign affairs. Says National Editor John Elson, who was in charge of the project: "The object was to devote an entire issue to one subject that people actually knew very little about and at the same time to retain the newsmagazine approach." Before writing the main story, Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott made his sixth visit to the U.S.S.R., becoming the first Western journalist to tour the Central Asian republics after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. The bulk of the reporting was done by Moscow Bureau Chief Bruce Nelan and Reporter-Researcher John Kohan, who spent months gathering detailed impressions of life in the U.S.S.R. In addition, the Overseas Press Club's Robert Capa Gold Medal went last week to Photographer Steve McCurry for his dramatic series of TIME photographs of the war in Afghanistan.

Last week too came the announcement that TIME Washington Correspondent Neil MacNeil will receive the first Everett McKinley Dirksen Award for distinguished reporting of Congress. MacNeil has covered the Capitol for TIME since 1958. Says he: "The job is a reward itself. Which, of course, makes being honored for doing it doubly pleasant."

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Ah, spring. With a players' strike looming and records falling like pop flies, the national pastime has never got off to a start quite like this —or known a team quite like Billy Martin's Oakland A's. *See* SPORT.

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Letters

Lovely Diana

To the Editors:

Ah, for a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and Di [April 20].

Robert T. St. John
New York City

As a young man awash in a sea of hard-boiled, frowzy, careerist "women," I would like to meet someone with the grace and loveliness of Lady Diana.

James J. McMahon III
Crofton, Md.

This British lady makes the perfect female media star. She is young, obedient, conforming and is never quoted uttering an original thought. In short, she is absolutely nonthreatening.

Annie Laurie Gaylor, Editor
The Feminist Connection
Madison

Thank goodness for the lovely Diana. At last, a model who can represent for girls what being a lady is all about.

Barbara Anderson
Portland, Ore.

It's a sad commentary on the times and the British people's sense of their own worth that 90% of them still favor retaining an anachronistic, outmoded welfare institution known as the monarchy. They would do better to support the descendants of a Shakespeare or a Newton, prototypes of a natural aristocracy.

James G. Gancher
Whiting, N.J.

Once again Snow White has won Prince Charming. Perhaps Lady Diana will bring virginity back into vogue.

Johanna Cox
Bell City, La.

You have reported a cover story about a 19-year-old girl who is to marry a 32-year-old man. Her chief qualification in this matrimonial derby is her virginity, followed closely by her "ability to do the job" and her "child-bearing potential." We women have come so far, and have so far to go.

Cynthia Conley
New York City

Columbia Soars

Hail *Columbia* [April 20], the gem of the galaxy!

Gale Konecny
Leucadia, Calif.

I am an astronomer, and I was filled with the glee of a child when I saw the space shuttle return safely. We have entered a new age! Future flights are estimated to cost $30 million each—that is, 15¢ from each of us. A bargain to build a strong American presence in space!

Richard C. Henry
Baltimore

The ability to "shuttle" off this 20th century mortal coil and return, flawlessly, is a landmark achievement of the human race—a forerunner of man's travel to the stars. Initiative, expertise and creativity are alive and well in America.

Emmanuel Winters
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Hey! We can still make something that works!

Craig Gates
Urbana, Ill.

Granted, the *Columbia* is a yummy public relations cream puff. But I am not cheering. What good is space wizardry if our home planet becomes unfit for life —animal, vegetable or human?

Most of us do not relish the idea of colonizing outer space. Indeed, we have no moral right to do so—at least not until we clean up our act on this planet.

Jean Allan
Boston

What could be as spectacular as the launching of the *Columbia*? TIME's availability on the newsstand the very next day, with coverage of the event, including color photography, comes pretty close.

John V. Davis
Port Washington, N.Y.

Anyone in publishing knows of the new technologies available and works with many of them, but even so, I was astounded to return home Tuesday evening and find TIME with a full-color shot of Sunday's lift-off. That's one whale of an achievement. I salute you.

Dana J. Pratt, Director of Publishing
The Library of Congress
Washington, D.C.

Fantasy Seekers

As a romance writer, I was amused by your article on romance novels [April 13] but less amused by some of the attitudes reflected therein. Shoddy work by the authors of these books is fair game for attack; the intellectual integrity and dignity of women who read romances are not. Anyone who suggests that women will be subject to male domination and ideological corruption as the result of reading romance novels has forgotten that the generation that watched *Father Knows Best* grew up to dodge the draft and drop acid. Who but Big Brother would insist that an adult's fantasy life must be ideologically correct?

Laura London
Greendale, Wis.

I am a librarian, and I know from experience that men read as much fantasy as women, although the subject may vary. Men read adult westerns, adult spy and detective stories and adult fantasy–science fiction, "adult" being a euphemism for lots of sex. I will not denigrate anyone's reading preferences, but I will not allow you to single out women as though they were the only ones wanting to pursue a fantasy life.

Mary Margaret Ramey
Bremerton, Wash.

Expel the Problem

Why do discussions of the relative merits of public and private schools [April 20] never mention the most significant difference? That is the simple fact that private schools are free to expel their problem pupils, whereas public ones are not.

During 30 years as a principal in New York City public schools, I not only had to accept students who had been disciplinary and academic problems in private and parochial establishments, but also had to suffer critics who would say that public schools were full of delinquents. Who can fail to have an excellent school if he can expel his problems?

Jon B. Leder
Chatham, Mass.

Sociologist James Coleman's study failed to mention the fact that private and parochial schools are able to be extremely selective in the students they accept. Give us only the bright, the motivated, those yearning for higher goals, and I'll give you at least a dead heat in achievement with the private school.

Lundi Moore
Morgan Hill, Calif.

Private school students have parents who are willing to get involved in their children's educational process.

Frances M. Schmetzer
Pawling, N.Y.

Freedom to Arm

You make the National Rifle Association [April 20] sound like a bunch of cowboys who think everyone should be able to carry a handgun if he wishes. This

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Letters

is far from true. You should have mentioned some of the reasons why the N.R.A. has such a large membership: its strong support of hunters, its education of youth in arms safety and marksmanship, and its national programs for training police officers and instructors who teach the use of firearms.

Debby Ballard
Flint, Mich.

There is a weird defeatist attitude about the idea of a national gun control law. We hear the well-known statistics proving that the strong gun control laws of New York State and the District of Columbia do not work. Of course not, when there is no nationwide restriction that prevents a John Hinckley from buying a handgun in another state and bringing it into Washington, D.C., on a bus.

We have solved social problems in the past. Why this blind spot, this paralysis about a national gun control law?

Jane D. Doolin
Lincoln City, Ore.

Your magazine indicates that shotguns and rifles are not the problem because they are the best weapons for defending one's home. You have put your finger on the real issue, the siege mentality of people in the U.S. today, a phenomenon as yet virtually unknown in Western Europe. As long as Americans feel they have to defend their homes with guns, all talk of banning handguns is just a lot of malarkey.

Henry D. Cooke Jr.
Osnabrück, West Germany

How long will we continue to submit the results of our electoral process to the veto of anyone with $45 for a gun?

Scott E. MacDougall
Berkeley, Calif.

Throughout history, the people in power have sought to disarm the peasants. I won't give in easily.

William F. Conklin
Annapolis, Md.

Ranking Generals

I wish to add a note to your article on Omar Bradley, the five-star G.I.'s general [April 20]. You stated that since the Civil War the title General of the Army, which has the insignia of five stars, has been held by only five gentlemen: Omar Bradley, George Marshall, Douglas MacArthur, Henry H. ("Hap") Arnold and Dwight Eisenhower. You should also have mentioned John J. Pershing, who held the slightly different but even more impressive rank General of the Armies.

Frank C. Kump
Middle Village, N.Y.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

A little girl shouldn't have to beg for food.

But Nita must.

Her frail mother, who spends all day in the marketplace peddling straw mats, can't sell enough to feed Nita and her two younger brothers.

For $15 a month through our sponsorship program, you can help a child like Nita. For a destitute child, your generosity can mean health, an education—even life itself.

Write to: Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood, Children, Incorporated, P.O. Box 5381, Dept. T5V, Richmond, Va. 23220 USA

- ☐ I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐, girl ☐, in ☐Asia, ☐Latin America, ☐Middle East, ☐Africa, ☐USA, ☐Greatest Need.
- ☐ I will give $15 a month ($180 a year). Enclosed is my gift for a full year ☐, the first month ☐. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture.
- ☐ I can't "adopt," but will help $ _____
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- ☐ If for a group, please specify.

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Ford Motor Company introduces the Customer Information System.

It makes great after-sale service even better.

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FORD PARTS AND SERVICE DIVISION

In California: Pay-as-You-Go Pedagogy

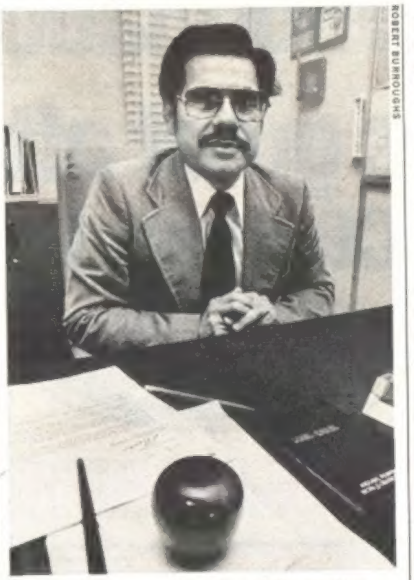
Even for a rainy Tuesday the courtyard seems empty. In one corner of the square, a cluster of boys with slicked-back hair and hair nets jostle one another. A black boy wanders by, a nylon stocking pulled over his head. The lunch bell summons everyone indoors. Only two people remain outside: the visitor and the long-haired boy who has the word LOVE tattooed in bold, blue letters across the fingers of his right hand. He asks: "Are you a new security guard or something?"

It is the second day of a desultory school week at Memorial Junior High in Logan Heights, one of the poorest *barrios* in San Diego, California's second largest city. Logan Heights is 18 miles from the Mexican border. Dogs are skinny here, buildings defaced. The average family income is $7,000 a year. There are no jobs to be had here mowing lawns on weekends; there are no lawns. There are no newspaper racks either. People, if they can read at all, read in Spanish. Logan Heights is a transitional point between Mexico and the interior of the U.S. Immigrants stop here before moving up, not to the middle class but to Los Angeles. The less fortunate return to Mexico.

For every hundred students who start out in Memorial Junior High each September, 60 will not be around in June. Of those who actually do graduate, something like one-fourth fail to get into high school. Each fall teachers steel themselves to confront a steady stream of unfamiliar faces with all-too-familiar problems. But like a stratified rock in Geology I, the school tells more about where the town has been than where it is going. English Teacher Tizoe Romero recalls the '40s, when Memorial was the poor white man's school. Coach Harry Franson remembers twelve years ago, when Memorial was overwhelmingly black. Today Memorial is about 70% Hispanic. A copy of the 1980 yearbook lies open on a table in the art room: Maggie Lopez and Marcos Robles —"Best Couple"—and Georgina Araujo and Alfonso Martinez—"Best Hair." One searches in vain for the pair selected "Most Likely to Succeed." There is no such category, only an equivalent called "Standouts."

Among more than 850 students, truancy last year averaged 9%, three times the overall absentee rate for the San Diego unified school district.

The principal, Bob Amparan, 44, is a man of deep convictions—or what our grandfathers used to call character—who worked his way through school repairing TV sets. Last fall he had an idea. With the approval of the San Diego school board, he started a "Cash for Class" project last fall. Each day a Memorial student attends all six periods, he earns 25¢,



ROBERT BURROUGHS

Principal Amparan, inventor of the system

up to a ceiling of $5 a month. Initially the absentee rate dropped dramatically, to 2.8%, *vs.* 6% for a comparable month a year earlier. But by December it was only 6.2%, compared with the previous year's 7%. Says Sergio Nava, 14, the ninth-grade president: "I definitely think they should keep the program, but I guess they should, like, make it up to 50¢. Some kids are getting just a little tired of 25¢."

While the implications of Amparan's proposal are staggering, the plan itself is pretty tame—and quite simple. No cash ever changes hands. Instead, each month students are issued "privilege cards," which the graphic arts teacher prints up in his free time, using school equipment. With the "paper" credit they amass, students can only pay library fines or buy paper, pencils, yearbooks and alarm clocks, which are stocked by the school store because so many students do not have an alarm clock at home.

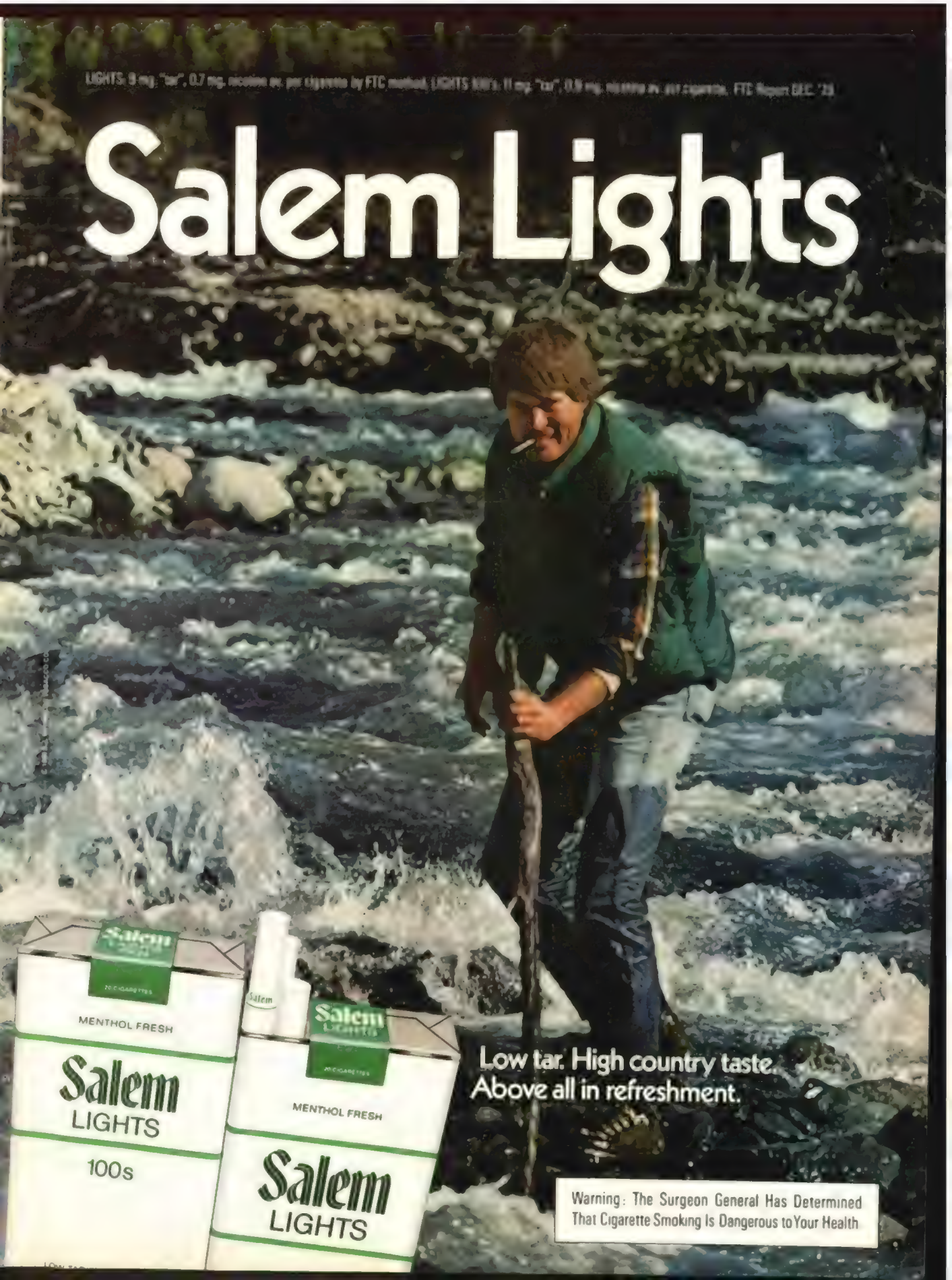
A credit card is punched at school store

The $10,000 needed to get the program going was advanced by the city school district. Officials felt they had little to lose. California public schools forfeit $9 a day in state aid for each unauthorized student absence. Last year truancy alone cost Memorial $123,000 in uncollected state funds. Amparan is a reasonable man. "For every student I bring back in," he notes, "I make 36 quarters."

No matter. There are those who would like to see Amparan drawn and quartered for his innovation. The angry letters that trickle in to Memorial Junior High overwhelmingly brand the program as quackery, bribery, even blasphemy. A Los Angeles woman wrote in to nominate the principal as "Jackass of the Year." "Paying students for attending classes," wrote another Californian, would be "as effective as trying to alter the course of human events by redesigning the flyswatter."

Amparan agrees. "Twenty-five cents won't convince the hard-core truant," he concedes. "I'm after the borderline kids." He fingers his wedding band. "I'm first generation Mexican American," he says. "I grew up in East L.A., was part of a gang. Four of us still keep in touch. One is a priest. Another a fine printer." The other one has been in and out of state penitentiaries. Amparan stares at the diplomas hanging on the walls of his office as if they are about to fall down at any moment. When he speaks again, it is to quote Governor Jerry Brown: "It costs seven times as much to put a person in prison as to put him in college." More than just a quarter.

Music Teacher Tricia Whipple grew up in Pacific Palisades, Ronald Reagan's neighborhood. She is 24, and this is her first full year teaching at the school. "I understand why parents keep their kids home," she begins, trying to hide her anger. "The smaller children need babysitting. There was one ninth-grader who chronically cut first periods. He had to work until 11 and 12 at night as a dishwasher to support his brothers and sisters. His mother had simply taken off. I look at the empty seat in the classroom, and I say, 'How can the parents do that to a kid?' "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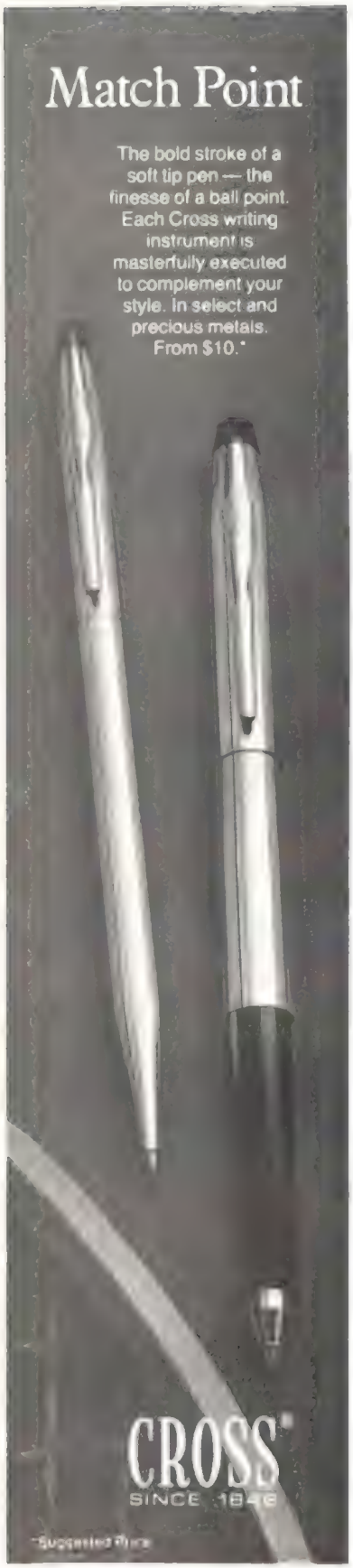
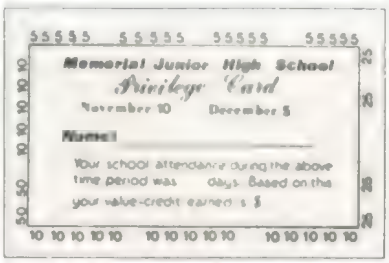


American Scene

By Thursday, the day for the weekly parents' conferences, community aides have phoned 180 families, trying to lure mothers and fathers to the morning session, where they can talk with teachers and counselors about their children's progress. Seven parents turn up. Six of them speak little or no English. The principal chats with them in Spanish. Why, he asks them, don't more parents see to it that their children go to school? One mother attempts to answer in English. "Families break up," she says, slowly. "No like Mexico. No grandmothers. Children no listening." "We're becoming Americanized," the principal says ironically, and the parents laugh approvingly.

In a classroom four student leaders are hunched around a work table. They are gathered to discuss complaints about school lunch. (Some things never change.) Almost all are youngest children, and all seem articulate, assertive and full of ambition. "They all come from large families with older brothers either out of work or out of hope," says Teacher Mary Jensen. "The young ones, if they're strong, can see they've got to find a way out of the ghet-



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to." As if to underscore the observation, Eighth-Grade President Fabian Munez speaks up. "I had a brother who came to this school a long time ago," he explains. "He used to skip. He would, like, fight. I took my brother for a wrong example, and that's how come I come to school."

Munez is small for 14, but there is a wheeler-dealer self-confidence about him that the very poor sometimes share with the very rich. Where do all these young leaders see themselves in five or ten years' time? "In high school," one volunteers, and then, reconsidering, "in college." "Junior college," pipes up another. Fabian's eyes are burning. "President of the United States!" For a first generation American, the presidency may be asking too much. But a great deal else seems possible for him.

Five miles down the road from Memorial, Chicano Activist Herman Baca is fulminating against the Cash for Class project. "Paying 25¢ to chicano children," says he, "is an insult to the chicano community. It does not address the real problem." Principal Amparan sits in his office and listens to the rain. "Maybe," he says softly, "but I'm not going to just give up. In places like Logan Heights, every little two bits helps." —*By D.L. Coutu*

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INFLATION. TOGETHER, WE CAN SELF-CONTROL IT.

TIME, MAY 11, 1981

Reagan's Budget Battle

A historic debate on economic theology

"All we need to do is act, and the time for action is now," declared Ronald Reagan as he ended a triumphantly successful televised address to a joint session of Congress. And this week both the House and Senate will act. The first crucial votes that may well shape the most drastic turnabout in the Federal Government's economic policies since New Deal days will be taken on the floors of both chambers. Almost certainly, the recuperating President will win much of what he seeks: a sharp curtailment of the Government's propensity to spend ever more. Yet whether Congress will also accept Reagan's bold, if risky, three-year cut in income tax rates for individuals remains in doubt. The outcome could vastly influence the nation's immediate economic future.

Peter Sweeney

The historic debate centers on arcane fragments of economic theology: "supply-side" tax theory; conflicting projections of how specific cuts in tax rates will affect inflation; varied assessments of the impact of budget deficits on the cost of living; different interpretations of who is "truly needy." In an incredibly confusing numbers game, the competing players are juggling figures wildly. Their tables and projections are important—but more in political terms than economic ones. Even though the estimates seem as solid as quicksand, the two parties have similar destinations in mind, but want to arrive there by significantly different routes. The Democrats seek to protect more of their traditional social services, while the Republicans want deep cuts in these areas.

At issue this week are budget resolutions meant to set the broad outlines of economic policy, including spending limits, tax revenues and budget deficits. None are legally binding on the Congress; they are meant mainly to impress the will of the majority on committees of the two houses that will later work out the many laws that must be enacted to produce a final economic package. Still, any consensus that develops this week could critically influence the legislation. That is why Ronald Reagan's first national address since a gunman's bullet missed his heart by a mere one inch was aptly timed.

Bush and O'Neill join congressional ovation for the recuperating President

The speech came at a moment when Reagan is still doing well with the public. An Associated Press–NBC News poll indicated that 66% consider his performance overall as good or excellent, a shade better than Jimmy Carter's rating at about the same time in 1977. But Reagan is only working half-days in the Oval Office. Perhaps as a result, the Administration's foreign policy is still in some disarray. Even before a politically weakened Alexander Haig flew off to a meeting of NATO foreign ministers in Rome, aides of the Secretary of State were trying to counter the impression that by its strong pro-Israel stance the Administration had given the Israelis the green light to attack Syrian positions in the danger-laden war in Lebanon.

Never before had a U.S. President been shot and recovered to appear before Congress. Rarely, if ever, had the Secret Service felt the need to post an agent at the President's side as he worked his way slowly through the cheering House chamber. And on only a few occasions had a President enjoyed such a shouting, clapping, emotional reception from the assembled lawmakers. Reagan's voice was thin and hoarse, but his complexion was ruddy. He deftly turned his own recuperation into a powerful plea for his prescription for curing the nation's economic ills.

The sustained standing ovation that greeted the President was bipartisan. The lawmakers demonstrated their affection for a likable man, who had borne up under the shooting ordeal with courage, humor and no hint of self-pity. Sensitive to the situation, Reagan, with a thespian's finesse, did not overplay his role. His voice faltered only slightly as he expressed

Bad Good News

To admit that the economy is perking up faster than anyone had expected would not move Congressmen to vote for his spending and tax cuts. Thus, in his speech to Congress, that eternal sunny optimist Ronald Reagan spoke dolefully of "continued" double-digit inflation in the six months since his election, of "almost 8 million people unemployed," of mortgage interest rates, averaging almost 15%, keeping families from buying their dream houses.

Well, yes—but. The inflation rate dropped to 7.5% in March (down from 14% in November), and the unemployment rate has inched down from 7.6% just before the election to 7.3%. Output of goods and services in the first quarter rose at a sizzling 6.5% annual rate, and worker productivity, which had been sagging alarmingly for more than a year, registered a surprisingly robust 3.9% rate of gain. Even housing sales turned up slightly in March, despite those towering interest rates.

True enough, 6.5% growth is too fast to last. All forecasters expect a slowdown in the current quarter, but only the Administration is predicting an actual decline. True also, the inflation and unemployment rates still seem intolerably high by standards of the past. So Reagan had justification in portraying the economy as sick. If only it wouldn't look so damned healthy just as Congress prepares to vote on his budget.

his and Nancy's thanks for "your messages, your flowers, and most of all, your prayers—not only for me but for those others who fell beside me." That public outpouring of "friendship and, yes, love" was, he said, the answer to those who claimed that the shooting showed the U.S. was "a sick society."

Reagan stirred loud laughter when he pulled a letter from his pocket and read the words of eight-year-old Peter Sweeney, a second-grader in Rockville Centre, N.Y., "I hope you get well quick or you might have to make a speech in your pajamas." Reagan let the laughter subside, then read Peter's postscript: "If you have to make a speech in your pajamas, I warned you." More laughter. The letter, part of a class project, had been picked out of mountains of mail by Chief Speechwriter Ken Khachigian, but no one on Reagan's staff knew that the President had decided to read it on television.

Reagan's restrained references to the shooting had been drafted without the aid of his writers; some of his advisers had urged him to say more. Quite rightly, Reagan had replied: "I want them [his TV viewers and critics] to say that I didn't exploit the shooting." He did not.

But as Reagan's voice grew stronger in his spirited assault on alternatives to his spending and taxing plans, Democrats found much less to applaud. They knew that he was there, however amiably, to do them in politically. His biggest ovation in a 20-minute speech that was interrupted 13 times by applause came as he chided Congress for its past practice of taking only timid steps toward change. "The old and comfortable way is to shave a little here and add a little there," he said. "Well, that's not acceptable any more. I think this great and historic Congress knows that way is no longer acceptable." Republicans led the shouts of approval, then rose to applaud longer.

Sitting in the VIP gallery near Nancy Reagan, White House Congressional Liaison Max Friedersdorf thought he counted some 70 Democrats standing up too. Said he jokingly to an aide: "Can't we count this as our vote and pack up and go home?" Friedersdorf was referring to the fact that Reagan needs up to 40 Democrats to join the Republicans, minus a small number of defectors, in order to carry his program through the Democratic-controlled House. Behind Reagan at the Speaker's desk, Democrat Tip O'Neill noted the applauding members of his party, turned to Vice President George Bush beside him and conceded: "Here's your 40 votes."

Reagan's plan, virtually intact, was approved last week by the Senate Budget Committee. Three conservative Republican Senators, who had revolted against the large budget deficits it would produce, rejoined their party ranks. They did so after New Mexico Republican Pete Domenici, chairman of the committee, agreed to a revised set of estimates projecting that the Reagan plan would produce a balanced budget by 1984 instead of a $44.7 billion deficit. The plan assumes that there will be an additional but unspecified $22.7 billion in budget cuts by 1984, that $7.7 billion will be saved by reducing waste and fraud by then, and that the Defense Department will finance 40% of scheduled pay raises by attrition and freezing civilian employment. Complained Ohio Democrat Howard Metzenbaum: "I don't think the way to balance the budget is by gimmicking up the figures." Still, this plan should gain easy approval in the Republican-controlled Senate this week.

The real fight will be in the House. For the first time, Reagan in his speech endorsed what he termed a "bipartisan substitute" for his own proposals, claiming that it "will achieve all the essential aims" of his program. Indeed, it would, since it calls for even deeper budget cuts than did his original package and includes the 10%-a-year, three-year Kemp-Roth reduction in individual tax rates. Sponsored by two conservatives, Republican Delbert Latta of Ohio and Democrat Phil Gramm of Texas, it was worked out with David Stockman, Reagan's Budget Director, but it is bipartisan only in the sense that an unknown—and ardently courted—number of conservative Democrats may support it.

Conservative Democrats: G. V. Montgomery, Charles Stenholm, Phil Gramm and Kent Hance

Reagan, on the other hand, sharply attacked the House Budget Committee resolution, which is supported by most Democrats. Cleverly devised by Oklahoma Democrat James Jones, chairman of the committee, it would cut the budget almost as sharply as the Gramm-Latta substitute. But it would provide more funds for many social programs. The lure for conservative Democrats is that Jones' proposal includes only a one-year tax cut and projects a much smaller budget deficit of $24.7 billion for 1982. Reagan, however, insisted that this plan was just "an echo of the past rather than a benchmark for the future."

As a final ovation for Reagan's speech rolled through the great hall, another intriguing colloquy took place above and behind the President. Bush turned to O'Neill and asked with a grin: "Wasn't that wonderful?" Growled the Speaker: "Was it? To me, it's the same voodoo economics

you were reporting [in the Republican presidential primaries] a year ago."

O'Neill had a reason to be grumpy. Not only had Reagan jumped back into the budget fight with surprising strength, but the Speaker had lost face within his own party by virtually conceding that the Democrats had no chance to stop Reagan's "velvet steamroller." It was a bad blunder by the old pro. O'Neill had spent the Easter recess in Australia and New Zealand rather than drumming up support for the Democratic alternative. Criticized by his colleagues for that junket, he then threw in the towel before making any kind of head count or sounding out the sentiment of other Democrats.

Actually, head counters in both the White House and the House saw the vote as so close that either side could win, although Reagan had regained momentum. By one estimate, about 30 Democrats might possibly bolt their party, while six Republicans might jump to the other side. If so, the Democrats would have 217 votes —a paper-thin majority.

As debate opened on the House floor, the Democratic strategy was clear: 1) to zero in on the budget deficits and the three-year Kemp-Roth tax program as grave weaknesses in the Reagan-backed substitute, and 2) to insist House members would betray a public trust if they vote for the Reagan budget cuts now, but vote against his tax plan later. Republicans, on the other hand, rallied around the argument that the Democratic resolution amounts to a surrender to special interests. Argued Latta: "We can't keep saying yes, yes, yes to the groups saying give us more, more, more."

As it happened, one special interest group—the farmers—was doing its best to undercut the President's program last week. The Republican-controlled Senate Agriculture Committee lavishly boosted dairy supports $1.4 billion above Reagan's recommendation for the next four years and then, on top of Reagan's removing the Soviet grain embargo, the committee increased corn and grain subsidies by some $4 billion for the same period.

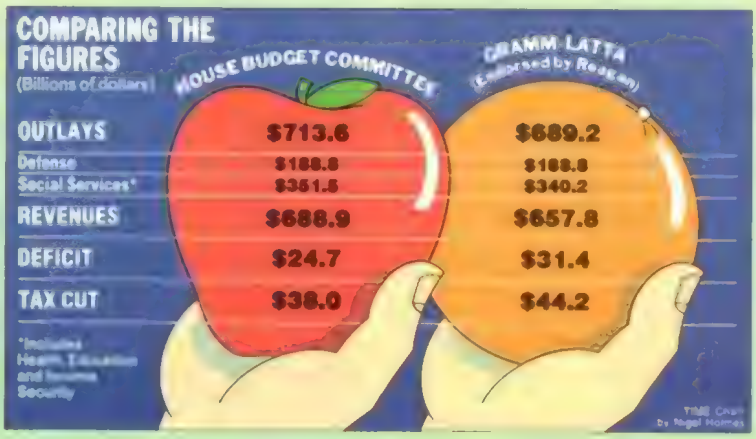
Buoyed by the reception of his speech, the President continued to apply his special brand of polite pressure. He invited twelve uncertain Republicans, all Middle West or Northeast moderates, to the White House for low-key, one-on-one chats. He began to treat conservative Democrats to similar White House group-therapy sessions that will run right up to the eve of the vote. At a meeting with 25 top Republicans, Reagan emphasized that he considered his leadership prestige to be at stake in this week's House vote. For Republicans, Ronald Reagan's personal popularity looked like the best weapon they have in the battle of the budget. —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Neil MacNeil and Johanna McGeary/Washington*

That Bewildering Numbers Game

The budget resolution that the Reagan Administration wants the House to pass would hold federal spending in fiscal 1982 to $689 billion—or is it $710 billion? The alternative plan proposed by the Democratic leadership would cost $713.6 billion, or maybe only $692 billion. Depending on which proposal is adopted, the deficit next fiscal year could be $42.6 billion, or $31.4 billion, or $24.7 billion, or . . . well, pick a number. Any number.

Confused? So are many of the Congressmen preparing to choose this week between the Administration-backed Gramm-Latta resolution and the opposing measure crafted by James Jones, the Oklahoma Democrat who heads the House Budget Committee. The root of the problem is that anyone attempting to gauge the effect of proposed spending and tax cuts has to make a stab at forecasting what inflation, unemployment and interest rates are likely to be. A one-point rise in the jobless rate, for example, adds $30 billion to the federal deficit by increasing expenditures for unemployment compensation, welfare and the like, and by reducing tax collections. A one-point rise in interest rates adds $3 billion to $4 billion to interest payments on the federal debt; higher inflation raises all Government bills but also increases revenues by pushing taxpayers into higher tax brackets.

None of the protagonists is exactly snatching numbers out of the air; all



have been advised by eminent economists and statisticians. Broadly speaking, the "supply-side" economists working for the Administration think that spending and tax cuts will bring down inflation, unemployment and interest rates fairly rapidly. The predominantly Keynesian economists who advise the Democrats expect a slower change.

Thus, the Administration predicts—and the Gramm-Latta proposal assumes —7.2% inflation next year, an interest rate of 8.9% on short-term treasury bills, and a 7% unemployment rate in the fourth quarter of 1982. The Democrats' figures are 9.9% inflation, 12% interest and 7.4% unemployment. Spending under Gramm-Latta, which cuts social programs and increases military outlays about as much as Reagan wants, would be $689 billion under the Administration's assumptions. $710 billion if the Democrats' numbers are believed. Outlays under the Jones measure, which gives more money to social programs and less to defense, would be either $692 billion or $713.6 billion.

The differences in deficit estimates are crucial, because they sway judgments on how big a tax cut the nation can afford. The Administration and backers of the Gramm-Latta resolution, which includes the first stage of Reagan's cherished proposal to slash income tax rates 30% over three years, predict a deficit of $31.4 billion in fiscal 1982. No, says Jones, the red-ink figure would be $42.6 billion—whereas, under the Democrats' proposal for a more modest tax cut, the deficit would be held to $24.7 billion.

And what of future years? If Reagan's spending and tax plans are adopted, the Administration calculates that the budget will be balanced by fiscal 1984. The Democrats warn of a gargantuan $63 billion deficit. Most Congressmen in the end will probably vote their convictions—and hope for the best on the final results.

Molasses Pace on Appointments

Not all the President's men—and fewer women—are in place

The logjam on appointments to key State Department positions began to break last week. By votes of 16 to 0, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee approved President Reagan's nomination of Myer Rashish as Under Secretary for Economic Affairs and Chester Crocker and Robert Hormats as Assistant Secretaries for African Affairs and for Economic and Business Affairs. Hearings on three more assistant secretaries will be held this week, and they too are now certain of approval.

Hearings on the nominations had been held up for weeks because the White House and its Senate allies had been fearful of confronting North Carolina Senator Jesse Helms, the self-appointed enforcer of purist Reaganism to the Administration. Most of the nominees are too liberal for Helms' taste. He considers Crocker too cool toward South Africa, Rashish too inclined to aid Third World leftist governments, and Lawrence Eagleburger, nominated for Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs, suspect simply because he worked for Helms' *bête noir*, Henry Kissinger. The day before last week's vote, Helms submitted 109 questions to Crocker and 127 to Rashish, demanding written answers before he would vote on their appointments. As it happened, the committee went ahead without Helms, who was busy chairing a Senate Agriculture Committee hearing on the farm bill. Helms promised the President that he would not try to prevent the Senate from voting on the nominees, citing a personal assurance from Reagan that they would follow White House policy.

Helms was also mollified by the appointment of his candidate, Lieut. General Edward L. Rowny, a bitter opponent of the SALT II treaty he helped draft in 1979, as the Administration's chief arms-control negotiator. Rowny did not get the other job Helms pushed him for, head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, but it went to another hard-liner, Eugene V. Rostow—a Johnson-era Viet Nam hawk.

The battle over the State Department posts was a visible reminder that not all the President's men are assembled.

By the end of last week the Senate had not confirmed even one Reagan-nominated ambassador, and the White House had announced only seven of 133. That pace was only half as fast as the Carter Administration's four years ago—in part, said White House Personnel Director E. Pendleton James, because "our priority was to fill the slots to get the economic program moving. Foreign policy is not being hindered because we don't have an Ambassador to Denmark." Even in economic areas, things are not much better. Labor Secretary Raymond Donovan has named fewer than half his assistant secretaries. Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige has chosen 19 of 20, but only two have been confirmed. Energy Secretary James Edwards is having trouble attracting aides to a department that Reagan has pledged to abolish.

Personnel Director Pendleton James
"We're doing it our way."

Overall, of the top 400 or so officials in the Cabinet departments and at independent and regulatory agencies, only 55% have been announced, 36% formally nominated and a mere 21% actually confirmed. The reasons are numerous: pressure from Helms and other conservatives, policy confusion within some sectors of the Administration, complex conflict-of-interest and financial disclosure rules, which often require divestiture before service and ban related employment afterward. Then there is the molasses pace set by James, whose operation is the most widely criticized of any in the White House.

James, who has the air of an absent-minded professor, runs a system bogged down by delays that perhaps only he understands, says a senior White House aide. Despite his talk of priorities, he has managed to process nominations for the Public Printer and for the assistant administrator of the Agency for International Development for the Near East faster than for some assistant secretaries. He has also enraged conservatives by recruiting moderate "retreads" from the Ford and Nixon Administrations, and has embarrassed the White House by filling only 7% of the jobs so far with women, 3% with Hispanics, 2% with blacks.

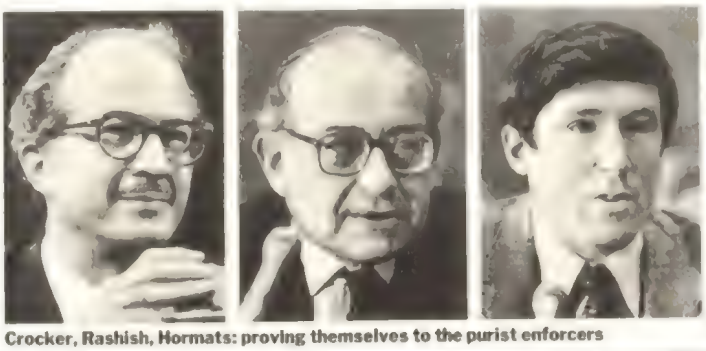
James blames his slow pace on an elaborate cross-checking procedure—involving the FBI, Presidential Aide Lyn Nofziger, the Republican National Committee, home-state Congressmen and Senators, and the troika of top Reagan aides, Edwin Meese, James Baker and Michael Deaver. Yet the White House says that these elaborate procedures failed to alert senior officials that Warren Richardson, eventually withdrawn as a nominee for Assistant Secretary of Health and Human Services, had been chief lobbyist for the right-wing anti-Zionist Liberty Lobby.

James also claims that he has been subjecting every nominee to a time-consuming political loyalty test. But in an Administration that dislikes bureaucracy and favors business, thus far 43% of the nominees to top jobs come from Washington and the suburbs, and 70% from the technocratic fields of law, education, finance, consulting, or from the Federal Government, while only 7% come from manufacturing. The political test has excluded so many blacks that one top aide says the White House may have to set an informal quota for the remaining jobs.

The few successes in speedy recruitment are mostly attributable to Cabinet secretaries. Transportation Secretary Drew Lewis worked the political ropes to get his team approved early, and Secretary of State Alexander Haig Jr. chose his top aides quickly, although Helms' opposition delayed Senate action on most of them.

James says that selection of the elite 400 is nearly complete, and that almost a dozen more ambassadors will be nominated in the next week or so. Then comes the even bigger task of filling about 6,000 lesser jobs. "I don't know if we're going too fast or too slow," says James. "We're doing it our way." An even higher White House aide offers a somewhat different view: "It's becoming a terrible burden."

—By William A. Henry III. Reported by Douglas Brew/Washington



Crocker, Rashish, Hormats: proving themselves to the purist enforcers

Bayou of Pigs

A coup that fizzled

It sounded like a sitcom version of *The Dogs of War*, after rewrites by V.S. Naipaul and Woody Allen. Even the feds joked about a "Bayou of Pigs." Ten men, mostly Southerners and mostly Ku Klux Klan members, were arrested last week by federal agents at a marina near New Orleans and charged with organizing an expedition against a friendly nation.

The cast of characters in the plot was, well, odd. The conspirators included a gay vigilante, a mystery-man gunrunner with the novelish name of Sydney Burnett-Alleyne, a nurse cum spy with Irish Republican Army connections, and an ousted Prime Minister with alleged ties to South African industrialists. The gang, it appears, was intent on a coup to capture the impoverished Caribbean island of Dominica (pop. 81,000), a true banana republic (70% of exports) that is physically no bigger than Lexington, Ky.

The roots of the fiasco stretch back to last July, when Eugenia Charles, 61, was elected Prime Minister of all-black Dominica. Among those she defeated was a predecessor, Patrick John, 44, driven from office in 1979 after a BBC documentary charged that his plans for island industrialization included an oil refinery that would benefit South Africa. John's go-between was said to be Burnett-Alleyne, a convicted smuggler who once recruited mercenaries to invade Barbados. The Charles administration believes the ten Americans, who were apprehended with an arsenal of automatic weapons and plastic explosives, were to enforce a government takeover by John—in cahoots, perhaps, with the island's marijuana growers.

John was arrested in March for plotting to overthrow the government. Detained earlier were two officials of Dominica's 100-man army, one of whom wrote a letter that the government intercepted. The letter described a planned "main strike" on the police station and mentioned one "Mike Perdue in Texas." Meanwhile, U.S. agents learned of the invasion scheme and, posing as seamen, won the confidence of the group's ringleader—a macho, Cadillac-driving Houston homosexual named Mike Perdue. Apparently reconnoitering for the invaders was Mary Ann McGuire, a 26-year-old Irish-Canadian nurse with ties to the I.R.A., who had flown to Dominica on April 15. She is now in police custody there.

Like everyone else, Prime Minister Charles is somewhat bewildered by the plot, and especially by the financing of the operation. "I don't know if anyone in Dominica has that much money," she said puckishly. "If there is someone who wants to waste money out there, I wish he'd give it to me so I could fix the roads." ■

A time for reminiscences: Ford with four of his former officials in Ann Arbor

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Jerry Ford's One-Man Show

About the time when Ronald Reagan's return to public speaking reminded Washington that the presidency is basically a one-man show, Jerry Ford was saying the same thing, quietly, in Ann Arbor, Mich. He was out there on the campus of the university to dedicate his presidential library. There are only seven such libraries in the nation, and the rituals of initiation into this select club are pleasant and special.

Last week the directors of other libraries from Hoover to Johnson came to admire the new architecture, landscaping, electronic retrieval devices and pictorial displays. Cabinet members from Ford's Administration assembled for reminiscences, and friends joined to lend their good wishes.

The library and the ceremony were like Ford himself—low key, square corners, functional and direct. Ford presided, with his pipe and his smile at the ready, looking a dozen years younger than the 67 he is.

He wandered in the library's lobby among photographs and mementos of his trip to China in 1975. There is a picture of Ford trooping the line in Peking with Vice Chairman Deng Xiaoping, another of Betty Ford, shoes off, dancing with the children of a ballet class. It is fascinating how much recent Presidents have adopted the Chinese nation as their reference point of triumph and adventure.

There is even a laugh or two among the 15 million pages of documents, 700,000 feet of film and 275,000 still photographs that are being catalogued. On display is the letter that Cartoonist Garry Trudeau wrote to Ron Nessen, Ford's press secretary, asking for accreditation on the Chinese trip. Trudeau took along a Frisbee, which he and NBC's Tom Brokaw tossed back and forth on the Great Wall until Susan Ford suggested it was not dignified. From such original research Trudeau conceived the Chinese adventures of "Uncle Duke" in *Doonesbury*.

Though he looks fit enough to go another term or two in the White House, Ford says he is happy to be out of officeholding for all time. His good cheer comes from being a distance away from the nation's capital, a vantage point that convinces him things are moving up for the U.S. "There is a good feeling in the country despite the problems," Ford said one morning at breakfast. He talked alternately about the world today and as it was when he was a student living at the Deke house, just a couple of blocks up the road. Ronald Reagan's economic plans would work, insisted Ford, if the American people wanted them to work. "That is more important than all the technical things, all this micro- and macroeconomics," he said. "There is just no way to equate that with the will of 226 million Americans." As always with Ford, the old bruises and arguments have been set aside, and he is 110% behind the President. The people are feeling once again that they are being "properly led," says Ford, and that is the basis of power.

The folks who went to Ann Arbor obviously felt that they were properly led when Ford ran the shop. They believe that when the historians settle into their studies of those years they will give Ford better marks than he has got so far. New York Financier Benno Schmidt, who headed the library committee, summed it up in his speech presenting the library to the university and the National Archives, which will oversee it. "The New York *Times* may find [Ford's] achievements modest as they suggested in their editorial of Jan. 13, 1977," said Schmidt. "But I'll tell you, they don't seem modest today."

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Southward Ho for Jobs

The auto industry's unemployed are migrating in droves

When the century was younger and Motown was Boomtown, jobs were for the picking on the conveyor belts of Detroit. Forrest Jones got one, leaving behind the dust of Piggott, Ark. So did Paul Youker's father, trading hard times in New York to be a security guard for General Motors. Terrace Turner's father got another, moving north from Mississippi. But in just a generation, the boom has gone bust. Half a million auto-related jobs have been lost since 1979, and migration today is away from Motor City, not toward it. Turner, 29, has gone to Arizona to look for work: "That's what my father did when we moved up to Detroit." Youker, 28, an engineer with Chrysler's defense division, headed for Los Angeles and a higher-paying job with Hughes Aircraft. Jones' daughter, Anita Cousins, 41, has taken the path most traveled by departing Michiganders. She has followed the Lone Star beacon to the plenty of Texas.

Signs of the exodus are all over the industrial North, but they show especially in Michigan, where 20,000 workers run out of unemployment benefits each month. On a Wednesday in Dearborn, home of Ford Motor Co., the unemployed arrive by the hundreds at the Little Professor Book Center. There they snap up the local best-sellers—the Sunday Houston *Chronicle*, the Dallas *Morning News*, the San Antonio *Light*—and open to "Help Wanted." Others head for employment agencies like Career Personnel Inc., in Southfield, where Owner Stanley Blum is doing a "phenomenal" business preparing résumés for people seeking jobs down South. Perhaps the only business doing better than placement agencies is the moving trade. United Van Lines transported 533 households from Michigan to Texas in 1980, up from 293 the year before. U-Haul's one-way southbound traffic in rental trucks has been so brisk that it creates chronic shortages up North.

The signs are no less evident at the other end of the migration. Michigan license plates abound on the freeways of Houston, where a thousand newcomers —black, white, young and old—arrive each week. Résumés are piled high on the desks of employment counselors in Houston, where 70,000 new jobs were created last year. Local radio station KILT now promotes itself with the message: "If you're from Detroit . . . you've found your station in Houston." Apartment agents have installed WATS lines to serve out-of-state callers. The waterfront apartment complex near Houston, where Anita Cousins lives, is dubbed "Michigan Manor"; at one point it housed 23 Michiganders in its 43 apartments. An odd coincidence in the 1980 census came as no surprise to Texans: Detroit had lost 321,841 people; Houston had gained 321,457.

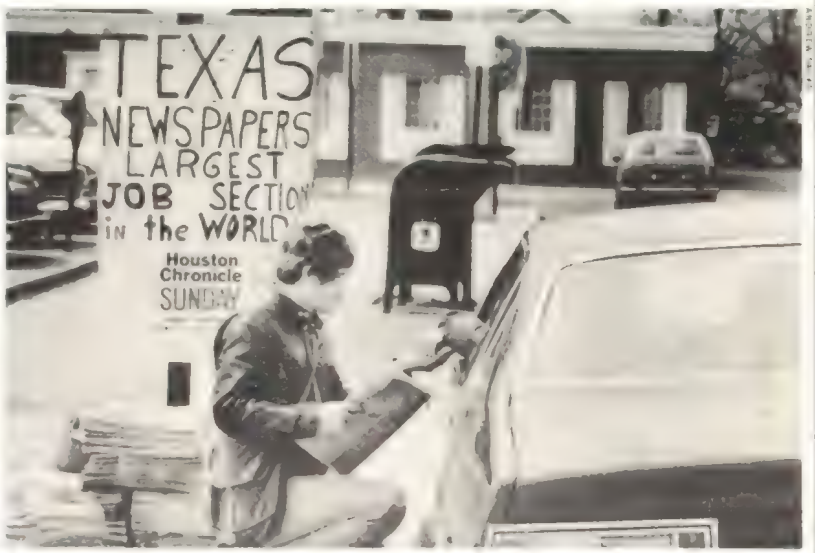
Some of the migrants come with jobs already lined up. Tal Gonyea, 20, of Detroit is one. His training as a computer technician earned him an offer straight out of college from Texas Instruments in Houston. Yet a surprising number arrive without plans. "Some just call from the bus station and ask how to get here," says Foley Collins, of the Texas Employment Commission's Houston office. Their fortunes will depend on the skills they bring. Lyle Cousins, 39, a truck driver from Goodrich, Mich., had no problem. "I came to Houston on a Friday, got my Texas driver's license on Monday and started work on Tuesday," says Cousins, whose living-room couch has been occupied ever since by friends and relatives in town to find a job.

Dennis Tibbitt, 39, a former Ford employee, and his wife Janet, 33, also fared well. Repeatedly out of work in Detroit, Dennis concluded that "there were only three things you could do: get out, starve or turn criminal." He got out, and found a bus-driving job in Houston in a matter of weeks. Says Janet, who found an illustrator's job in three days: "Up there, things are happening that you cannot control. Here I feel secure."

For others, especially those trained for specific auto-related jobs, the transition to the South is more difficult. "Many have skills that don't fit here," says Collins. An automotive machinist used to pushing buttons on an assembly line is not trained for the complicated work done by oil-industry machinists. White-collar workers also face problems. Detroit's Wade Cook, 48, a former railroad employee with 16 years of management experience, has sent scores of résumés to the Sunbelt without result. The difficulty, explains University of Houston Sociologist William Simon, is that the Texas economy is highly technical at the upper end and menial at the lower end, without much in between. The newcomers, he says, "cannot articulate with our economy. A lot of them are obsolete people from an obsolete environment, with obsolete skills."

For those with skills that transfer, the adjustment can also be difficult. George Duden, 36, formerly at Chrysler, likes his new job as an electrical engineer with Bell Helicopter in Fort Worth. But as is often the case with those who leave the unionized North, he took a cut in pay and benefits—partly offset by lower taxes. Texas living, says his wife Susan, 29, is expensive, and their son "misses fishing in the Michigan lakes." Though Texans are friendly, Duden notes, "Amy Vanderbilt never got west of the Mississippi. There are rough edges down here."

The Horkenbachs of Royal Oak, Mich., agree. "We hated it," says Renette, 31, of her family's seven-month, $7,000 experiment in Sunbelt living. In Houston, her firefighter husband "had to pay extra to get us on his health insurance," their utility bills were "exorbitant," and Yankees were unpopular. So when Robert Horkenbach was offered his old job back in Royal Oak, he took it. "No way" will they again leave their familiar Michigan turf, says Renette—even though Robert again faces a familiar Michigan layoff. *—By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Christopher Redman/Detroit and Robert C. Wurmstedt/Houston*



In Detroit: peddling Texas newspapers and opportunity to Michigan's unemployed

"There were only three things you could do: get out, starve or turn criminal."

A march on the Mobile, Ala., courthouse last month, where 5,000 people demonstrated in favor of renewing key provisions of the 1965 law

Pondering the Voting Rights Act

Congress must decide whether to extend it anew

"It is the single most important piece of civil rights legislation, other than the constitutional amendments, in the history of the country." So says Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson, referring to the Voting Rights Act of 1965. First proposed by Lyndon Johnson, the act was passed overwhelmingly by Congress after a voting rights drive in Selma, Ala., led by the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. had ended in violent clashes between blacks and white police. The landmark law, which was renewed in 1970 and 1975, abolished literacy tests, forbade any other barriers to the registration of black voters and required six Southern states with a long history of discrimination to clear with the Justice Department any changes in their election laws.

This week hearings begin in the House Judiciary Committee on renewing key provisions of the law yet again; without a fresh mandate from Congress, they will expire next year. "This is going to be one of the toughest civil rights fights of all time," says liberal Washington Lawyer Joseph Rauh, 70, a veteran of many such battles. Opponents of renewal argue that the law's goal of enfranchising blacks has been reached. Says South Carolina's Strom Thurmond, chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee: "After 17 years, the states ought to be given a chance to get out from under the act." Responds Senator Edward Kennedy, who along with Republican Senator Charles Mathias of Maryland and Democratic Congressman Peter Rodino of New Jersey is proposing a ten-year extension of the law: "The most successful civil rights law in history is in danger of falling victim to its own success."

No one questions that the Voting Rights Act has changed the face of American politics, particularly in the South. As late as 1960 only 5.2% of Mississippi's blacks were registered. By 1976 that figure was 60.7%. The number of black elected officials in the Southern states covered by the act has risen from 156 to 1,813 in the past twelve years.

Civil rights groups argue that there is still a long way to go, that for all their gains, blacks are still far from the summit of their potential political power. Mississippi, which is 37% black, has no black in any statewide elective office; of the state's 25 counties with black majorities, twelve still have all-white county boards. Nationwide, there are no black Senators, Governors or Lieutenant Governors.

The most important provision of the Voting Rights Act, and the one subject to the toughest challenge, is the requirement that localities with a history of discrimination submit any election law change to the Justice Department for clearance to ensure that it is not discriminatory. This chapter of the 1965 law mainly applied to states—most of them in the Deep South—where literacy tests had limited voter turnouts to less than half of the eligible population.* After the law was extended in 1970 and 1975, this requirement covered all or parts of 24 states including Texas and sections of California and New York. Nonetheless, the main opposition to the law comes from Southerners who feel that the clearance procedure is invidiously applied to their region. Says Republican Senator Thad Cochran of Mississippi: "Local officials have to go to Washington, get on their knees, kiss the ring and tug their forelock to all these third-rate bureaucrats."

Not quite. Of 34,798 local voting change proposals since 1965, the Justice Department has objected to 815. Only 23 of these vetoes have been challenged by communities in federal courts, and only four challenges have been successful. For the most part, Justice officials have used the law's authority to block attempts to gerrymander districts in ways that would dilute the black vote, and proposals to hold at-large elections, which would lessen the chance for minorities to be represented in proportion to their voting strength. When Charleston annexed some predominantly white suburbs, for example, the Justice Department required that it switch from using citywide elections for its council to a system of individual districts. Black representation on the council jumped from two of 16 seats to six of twelve.

Civil rights advocates cite the continuing Justice Department objections to proposed election laws as evidence that the Voting Rights Act indeed is still necessary. Shelving it would mean that each disputed proposal would have to be challenged in court; meanwhile, the new law would be in effect until the court acted. As former Mississippi Governor James Coleman said in 1960: "Any legislature can pass a law faster than the Supreme Court can erase it."

The chief opponent of the act is Thurmond, who has replaced Kennedy as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Once a rabid segregationist, Thurmond is now quite accommodating to the blacks who make up one-third of his constituency. He has hired blacks for his staff and helped appoint a black

Strom Thurmond

*The places originally affected Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, Virginia, half of North Carolina and scattered precincts elsewhere

federal judge in his state. But he is not exactly a convert to the civil rights movement, and he wants to amend the Voting Rights Act to provide a way that states can avoid federal clearance of new election laws. If that cannot be done, then Thurmond and other Southern legislators want a renewed act applied to all 50 states. Civil rights leaders say this would create an unwarranted bureaucracy and dilute enforcement to the point where the act would be ineffective. Says Atlanta Mayor Jackson: "It's a trick and we're not going to fall for it."

Another opponent of the law, Republican Senator Orrin Hatch of Utah, would like to change the act so that the Justice Department could forbid a proposed local law only if it can prove there is an intent to discriminate. As the current law was written, the department had to show only that a change would have a discriminatory effect, whether intended or not. Argues Hatch: "I do not believe a community ought to be labeled a civil rights violator unless there is some wrongful motivation on its part." Gerald Jones, chief of the Justice Department's voting rights section, feels that proving such motives would be impossible. Says he: "We're not dealing with dummies. They're not about to be so blatant that you can trace intent."

Hatch's approach is in line with a key decision by the Supreme Court, which last year upheld the Mobile, Ala., system of a citywide election for commissioners. The court ruled that opponents of the plan had not proved that it was "a purposeful device to further racial discrimination." The Kennedy-Mathias-Rodino bill would allow the Justice Department and courts to continue to consider a law's impact.

All sides agree that the battle to renew the act will be hard fought, and that the outcome will depend largely on the position taken by the Reagan Administration. Attorney General William French Smith has heard conflicting advice from his aides. Although no policy has been formulated, it is possible that Smith would move to abolish the law's preclearance requirement altogether. More likely, however, he will advocate a compromise approach that would allow communities to escape the requirement if they can prove that there is no longer a pervasive pattern of discrimination. He may also recommend that minor laws, such as changes in precinct boundaries, be exempt from clearance requirements.

The Administration faces a political dilemma with moral implications. To support weakening of the act would be in keeping with Reagan's states' rights philosophy, but would infuriate blacks, and probably reconfirm their traditional loyalty to the Democratic Party. More important, of course, is that any attempt to undo the civil rights gains achieved under the act would be socially destructive and morally unjustified. *—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Evan Thomas/Washington*

Black Power in Greene County

There are 11,021 citizens in Greene County, Ala., and 78% of them are black. They mainly work the soybean and cotton fields that surround the tiny county seat of Eutaw, 80 miles southwest of Birmingham. Greene County is poor: the median per capita income is $4,019. But its black residents are proud of a civil rights revolution they helped create. Says John Kennard, the county's first black tax assessor: "One of the most cherished things our people have here in the black belt is the right to vote." TIME Atlanta Bureau Chief Joseph N. Boyce visited Eutaw last week. His report:

In the early '60s, only 5.5% of the county's 5,000 eligible blacks were registered to vote. Meanwhile, because of a failure to purge voting lists, there were more white registered voters than there were white adults in the county. But then came the Voting Rights Act. William Branch, a local high school teacher who had been fired because of his political activities, and Thomas Gilmore, one of his former pupils, began a registration drive with help from national civil rights groups that would change the balance of power in Greene County.

The task was not easy. At one black church, where a meeting was held, Gilmore asked those who had been evicted from their homes for trying to register to

Judge Branch and Sheriff Gilmore in front of county courthouse

move to the left side of the aisle. He recalls: "It seemed like the whole church moved to the left." Within three years, however, thanks to the watchful eyes of supervising federal officials, almost 80% of the county's eligible blacks were registered. In the 1968 elections, Branch offered white political bosses a compromise: although blacks then had 60% of the vote, they would run a combined slate with whites, splitting the available offices fifty-fifty. A white probate judge had a simpler solution: he refused to put the black names on the ballot.

The resulting lawsuit went all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court. The court ordered a new election, with all names on the ballot, to be held in July 1969. Blacks won all of the contested positions. A year later, Branch won the job of probate judge from the man who had kept blacks off the ballot. In the same election, Gilmore became sheriff. Says Branch: "I used to tell my students to prepare themselves, that they could some day be elected to public office. They looked at me like I was a graduate of an insane asylum."

Officials of Greene County say it is important to extend the Voting Rights Act so that other areas can duplicate these gains. Explains Assessor Kennard: "We came through it all. But there's Pickens County to the north with a majority of black residents but no black elected officials, and Hale County, which has just begun with black membership on the county commission." Judge Branch adds that failure to renew the act could lead to backsliding. Says he: "It would turn back the clock on a lot of the progress."

Political power has not solved all of the problems of blacks in Greene County, particularly not the economic ones. But things are looking up. German and Japanese firms are considering building paper and pulp mills in the county, and oil engineers are scouting for drilling sites. More important, political change has affected racial attitudes. Ralph Banks Jr., a member of a landed white family, was elected to a district judgeship with the strong support of blacks. Says Banks of his fellow whites who dreaded the shift in power: "It took them a while to realize the county was not going to hell."

Searching for Colombian Gold

A cutter chases drug smugglers on the high seas

The Caribbean today is the theater for a naval war. At stake are the sea lanes through which in 1980 passed 20 million lbs. of Colombian gold—marijuana worth $16 billion on the street. Challenging the smuggling fleets with a thin, stalwart line of vessels is the U.S. Coast Guard. Since January the Coast Guard has intercepted and seized 779,847 lbs. of marijuana, with a market value of $273 million. The best record of interceptions is held by *Dauntless*, a 210-ft.-long cutter with a crew of 85; 40 marijuana leaves have been painted on the ship's mast, symbols of previous busts. TIME Correspondent Dean Brelis was aboard for its most recent 21-day patrol. His report

RALPH PORTER—USCG

Crewmen of *Dauntless*, wearing helmets, arrest reefer runners

"We mean business, and the druggies know it."

The sailing orders are sealed. Only the skipper, Commander Michael Murtagh, 40, and his executive officer, Lieut. Commander Andy Anderson, 33, know where *Dauntless* is headed. On this patrol, Murtagh's destination is the 135-mile-wide Yucatán Channel off Mexico's southeast coast. That is where, the captain has been told, he has the best opportunity to intercept a large shipment of U.S.-bound marijuana. Once past the channel, a smuggler has an excellent chance of reaching Florida or Louisiana, whose labyrinthine coastal waterways provide concealment for off-loading the precious cargo into smaller, speedier boats known as bullets.

In the war against the smugglers, the odds are against Murtagh and his men. "The druggers have very good equipment for pinpointing our presence," says Murtagh. For every ship like *Dauntless*, the drug runners have a flotilla. Moreover, *Dauntless* has nothing to match the sophisticated satellite navigational gear routinely found on the smugglers' ships. "Even before we begin," Murtagh says, "I assume they are tracking us."

Dauntless is armed with a 3-in. gun that fires 3-ft.-long armor-piercing shells, two .50-cal. and two .30-cal. machine guns, plus M-16s and handguns. Perhaps its most useful weapon is a gigantic pair of powerful binoculars mounted on the roof of the wheelhouse. The crew calls them "the Big Eye."

By law, *Dauntless* may stop on the high seas any U.S. vessel or any craft without national markings. A boat outside American waters that is flying a foreign flag can be legally boarded only with the agreement of the boat's own government. In September 1980 the Guard began a resolute new enforcement policy. "The traditional warning shot across the bow never stopped anyone because that was all we could do," says a Coast Guard spokesman. Under today's policy, "if a ship does not heed our warning to stop, our ships can open up with disabling fire. We mean business, and the druggies know it."

Three days after sailing from Miami, *Dauntless* reaches the Yucatán. The next noon the lookout on the Big Eye reports through the voice tube to his captain: "I've got a sighting."

"Bingo," says Murtagh. Looking through his own binoculars he finds the target, a 68-ft.-long shrimper. It is within Mexico's twelve-mile boundary waters, so *Dauntless* cannot take up pursuit without authorization from the Coast Guard's 7th District, headquartered in Miami. Murtagh breaks radio silence to ask permission and mutters, "John Paul Jones didn't have to put up with all of this."

"She's running!" the lookout shouts. The target has headed toward the Mexican coast, plowing deeper into the twelve-mile buffer zone, where it assumes *Dauntless* will not follow.

Murtagh waits, planning to turn on both 2,500-h.p. engines full ahead and cut off the suspect before he reaches the beach. Then comes the first word from headquarters: "Captain, they want to know the feasibility of intercepting him before he reaches the three-mile limit." "Tell them good," snaps Murtagh.

At last, headquarters tells *Dauntless* that it can move into the buffer zone. The captain gives the order to move ahead full throttle. *Dauntless* can make 18 knots; the shrimper can go no faster than twelve.

At 4:07 p.m., *Dauntless* is 2,800 yds. off the stern of the shrimper, which has raised an American flag. Now no question remains about the Coast Guard's authority. The lookout reads its name: *Blue Seas*, from Hilton Head Island, S.C. A crew member checks the "hit list," a secret Coast Guard catalogue of known smugglers. The boat is not listed. Murtagh is very suspicious. "*Blue Seas* hasn't been fishing for a long time," he says. The nets are tangled from neglect, the decks clean of fishermen's gear.

At 4:35 p.m., canvas coverings are removed from the loaded .50-cal. machine guns. Crewmen are at battle stations. Sharpshooters are posted on the bridge. Murtagh orders Lieut. Larry Yarbrough, *Dauntless's* operations officer, to radio *Blue Seas*. There is no reply. The two ships are now side by side. A coast guardsman tries calling in Spanish. Still no answer. On *Blue Seas*, the pilothouse door is shut, the window shades drawn tight. Aerials on the mainmast show that the boat is radio equipped, but it is silent.

After five minutes, the pilothouse door opens. A bare-chested man in jeans appears, followed shortly by three comrades. They look dazed, uncertain, as if they had just awakened.

"What was your last port of call?" shouts Yarbrough. "Aruba," answers the man who first appeared on deck. It is not a good answer. Aruba is a frequent island stopover for smugglers after loading up their marijuana in Colombia.

Murtagh asks for *Blue Seas*' next port. A voice answers, "The United States," but another voice says, "Shut up! Mexico." By now Murtagh sees that the white hull of *Blue Seas* is painted with a false water line to make it look empty.

"Tell him to stop his engine and remain where he is," says Murtagh. In min-

utes the boarding party is on *Blue Seas*. As soon as Lieut. Commander Anderson opens the forward hold, he signals up to Murtagh: mission accomplished. The *Blue Seas* crew is arrested for possession of marijuana with intent to distribute. "I don't want to go back to the United States," cries one. He is handcuffed. No weapons are found, but the search party does discover ammunition. They conjecture that weapons were thrown overboard.

Twenty tons of Colombian gold—$12 million worth—are packed in the holds of *Blue Seas*. Had the captain delivered his cargo, he would have earned $100,000, the Coast Guard estimates, and the crew $35,000 each. They are angry and demand to make a telephone call, but they must wait until land. They are read their rights and chained in leg irons to deck fittings on *Dauntless*.

Coast guardsmen take over *Blue Seas*, which cruises back to Miami with *Dauntless*. The $200,000 vessel will be impounded by U.S. Customs and probably sold at Government auction. The owner, who is currently unknown, is not likely to come forth to claim it. The 40,000 lbs. of marijuana—tightly packed in polyethylene and burlap and divided into roughly 45-lb. bales—and the erstwhile smugglers will be turned over to the Drug Enforcement Administration. The Colombian gold, which burns at such high heat that it can ruin conventional incinerators, will most probably become free fuel, stoked into the furnaces of Fort Lauderdale's power company to provide electricity.

On the bridge of *Dauntless*, Captain Murtagh orders the 41st marijuana leaf painted on the mast. "There is at least one thing we prove," he says, sipping from his ever present cup of black coffee. "They don't *all* get through." ■

Verdicts Against Two Politicians

It was not the best of times for a pair of politicians last week, but at least the bad news was bipartisan. A onetime Republican Vice President was ordered to pay back bribes, while a longtime Democratic Senator was found guilty of taking one, among other counts. Their stories:

Agnew: Pay Up

Yes, Spiro Agnew, as Governor of Maryland, did take kickbacks from contractors—and some of the money was paid to him in his Vice President's office at the White House. Now he must repay the state $248,735, representing kickbacks of $147,500 plus $101,235 interest computed at 6% a year. So ruled Bruce Williams, a Maryland state judge, after a one-week civil trial that in effect replaced the criminal trial Agnew escaped when he resigned as Vice President in October 1973.

At that time, Agnew pleaded no contest to a charge of income tax evasion and paid a $10,000 fine; federal prosecutors in return dropped all other potential criminal charges against him. Ever since, Agnew has loudly maintained his innocence. But in 1976, three Maryland taxpayers filed an unusual suit, contending that the alleged kickbacks properly belonged to the state. The state joined the taxpayers as a party to the proceedings and eventually took over the case.

When the suit came to trial in Annapolis, Agnew did not appear. His attorney, T. Rogers Harrison, asserted that if the former Vice President were compelled to take the stand, he would plead his Fifth Amendment privilege against self-incrimination. In Agnew's absence, Judge Williams took testimony from contractors who said they had paid the kickbacks. Another witness was George White, a former Agnew attorney. White said that eight months before his resignation, Agnew had admitted to him that he received kickbacks from contractors doing construction work for the state.

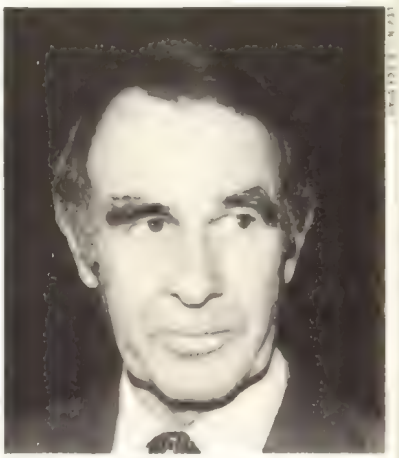
Agnew will appeal the verdict. Even if he loses, he will not suffer too much financially. Should he have to repay the $248,735 to Maryland, Agnew, who now lives in Palm Springs, Calif., presumably could claim the full amount as a federal tax deduction against the high income he is said to earn putting together international investment deals. On that, as on all other matters involving the case, Agnew had no comment. As he might have put it in the alliterative rhetoric of his vice-presidential years, he sustained a stonewalling stance of sullen silence.

The former Vice President in 1980

Williams: Guilty

It was, perhaps, the last of the Abscam cases, and it involved the biggest name of all: New Jersey Democrat Harrison A. Williams Jr., a 22-year veteran of the Senate and former chairman of its Labor and Human Resources Committee. After three days of deliberation, a federal jury last week convicted Williams and a co-conspirator, New Jersey Lawyer Alexander Feinberg. The Senator was found guilty of bribery, conspiracy, conflict of interest and receiving a criminal gratuity. Williams, 61, was the seventh member of Congress to be convicted in the scandal.

"He lies and he lies and he lies," said Federal Prosecutor Thomas P. Puccio, summing up his case against Williams as a man who had used "his influence to fill his pockets." As in other Abscam cases, videotapes made by the Federal Bureau of Investigation played a key role. During the monthlong trial, Williams was shown on film in conversations with one "Sheik Yassir Habib," who was actually FBI Agent Richard Farhart.



The Senator arriving at court

The prosecution charged that Williams promised to arrange Government contracts for the sheik; in exchange, the Senator was to get a $100 million loan for a Virginia titanium mine in which he was given a secret 18% interest. Certificates in the mine stock were made out to Feinberg, the Senator's accused bagman. The prosecution also argued that Williams stood to make $12.6 million from resale of the stock.

Williams denied that he had accepted any such payoff and insisted that he thought the stocks he admitted accepting were "worthless." As for the videotapes that showed him boasting to the phony sheik of his influence with Government officials, the Senator said that the words had been put in his mouth by "superb undercover agents." Williams' lawyers also argued that much of the Government's case depended on the testimony of convicted Swindler Melvin Weinberg, who made the first overtures to Williams and Feinberg.

The jury was unswayed, and found Williams guilty of crimes for which he could be sentenced to at least 15 years in prison. "In my heart, I know I did no wrong," he told reporters outside the courtroom. ■

LEBANON

Playing with Fire

Israeli jets and Syrian missiles score a high-risk conflict

The message that crackled across the air waves, and clattered over chancellery teletypes in a score of capitals, was charged with menace. Israeli Phantom fighter-bombers, firing air-to-air missiles, had just brought down a Syrian helicopter as it took off from an airbase near Riyaq in east central Lebanon. Later in the day, a second Israeli air attack downed another Syrian helicopter, killing all four crewmen aboard. Before wheeling back to Israel, according to Lebanese claims that were strongly denied by Jerusalem, the Israeli jets bombed and strafed Syrian positions above the city of Zahle, where Syrian peace-keeping forces and Lebanese Christian militiamen, armed by Jerusalem, have been locked in a battle for supremacy over the strategic Bekaa Valley and the towering Sannin Ridge.

The attacks touched off alarm bells around the world. The Israeli action, after all, posed high risks for the stability of the whole region. Not since 1973 had Israel and Syria seemed so close to war. The delicate, tacit "red line" of understanding that has long kept Israel and Syria at arm's length in Lebanon had been dangerously violated. Would Israel now be tempted to deliver a serious blow against Syria? Would Damascus feel compelled to equal the score with retaliation? In either case, a wider Middle East conflict could have been in the making. Tragically, even the Israeli-Egyptian peace treaty would be at risk, and with it a half-decade of diplomatic labor. Following the Israeli attack, in fact, Egyptian Foreign Minister Butros Ghali—despite Cairo's antagonism toward Damascus ever since Camp David—dispatched a blunt warning to Jerusalem: "In the event of an all-out military action, Arab solidarity will prevail over the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty."

Ever since the Syrian-Christian hostilities heated up early last month, Israeli officials had claimed the right to intervene if the tide turned against their Christian allies. They were finally prompted to act after Syrian units scored significant gains in the Sannin Ridge over the weekend. The Ministerial Defense Committee, a top-level assembly of generals and senior Cabinet officials, adopted a bold policy: military warning strikes against the Syrians in Lebanon. The Syrian choppers were downed within hours of that meeting. In a combative statement the same evening, Prime Minister Menachem Begin threatened more of the same. Said he: "We will not tolerate a Syrian takeover in Lebanon, and we will not let the Syrians wipe out the Christians there. There are grounds to assume that we will not be content with this action."

Damascus defiantly raised the ante. In a highly visible and provocative action, the Syrians moved missile launchers carrying Soviet-made SA-6 surface-to-air missiles into the Bekaa Valley about three miles from the airbase where the helicopters had been downed. Now the scene seemed to be set for a showdown.

Fearful that the Israelis could spark open warfare by trying to take out the missiles, the U.S. launched a concerted diplomatic campaign to defuse what Secretary of State Alexander Haig called a "very, very tense" situation. In Jerusalem, U.S. Ambassador Samuel Lewis told Begin bluntly that the U.S. was terribly worried about the possible escalation. In Washington, a task force was set up to monitor events. Under Secretary of State Walter Stoessel met with Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin and urged the Soviets to restrain their Syrian ally. Meanwhile, the State Department scrambled to disavow any responsibility for approving the Israeli operation. Said State Department Spokesman Dean Fischer: "I want to make it fully clear that the U.S. has not given a green light to Israel to undertake any military action in Lebanon."

Privately, some American diplomats charged that Begin's saber rattling could have been a bold attempt to create a crisis that would ensure his re-election in June. Begin's aides angrily denied the charge. There were some signs that a debate was waging within Begin's Likud coalition over the possible political advantages of a Middle East crisis. The sensationalist leftist weekly *Ha'olam Ha'zeh* reported that proponents of war now argued that strife would 1) shatter the peace treaty with Egypt and thus permit Israel to hold on to the northern and eastern third of the Sinai rather than restore the territory to the Egyptians in 1982; and 2) enable the Israelis to ravage the fast-growing Syrian army before it became a more formidable foe. A third, frequently stated argument for Israeli intervention in Lebanon: it would enable the Israelis, in effect, to partition the country and thus neutralize the Palestinian presence along their northern border. Even the respected independent Tel Aviv daily *Ha'aretz* gave prominent play to an article by an ultranationalist who argued that the time was opportune for a successful war with Syria.

As it is, Israeli jets have long enjoyed aerial supremacy over Lebanon. They are able with impunity to operate reconnaissance flights, often at supersonic speeds, over the length and breadth of the country—240 sorties in just one 48-hr. period last week, for example. Syrian MiGs have occasionally challenged these overflights, to their detriment: 13 MiGs have been lost in dogfights to Israeli jets over the past 18 months. As if to underscore that superiority, Israel last week also intensified its aerial attacks against Palestinian positions all across southern Lebanon. In one particularly lethal raid, Israeli jets flew repeated bombing runs over the Lebanese ports of Tyre and Sidon, killing at least 25 civilians.

In response to these attacks, and to

General briefs Israelis near Mount Hermon

Christian militiaman with 155-mm howitzer on the Sannin Ridge of Lebanese Mountains

heavy artillery duels with the Israeli-backed Christian forces under the command of Major Sa'ad Haddad. Palestine Liberation Organization Chief Yasser Arafat ordered Palestinian guerrilla forces to go on full alert. At midweek, he summoned Arab ambassadors in Beirut to describe Israel's actions in southern Lebanon as "systematic genocide against the Palestinian and Lebanese people."

The current Lebanese conflict has its genesis in the tangled political alliances that developed in the wake of the 1975-76 civil war. Under a mandate from the Arab League, Syria moved in a 22,000-man peace-keeping force to act as a buffer between the warring Lebanese factions, mainly Muslim leftists vs. Christian militias known as Phalangists. At the time, Syria fully supported the Christians. That alliance ended in 1978

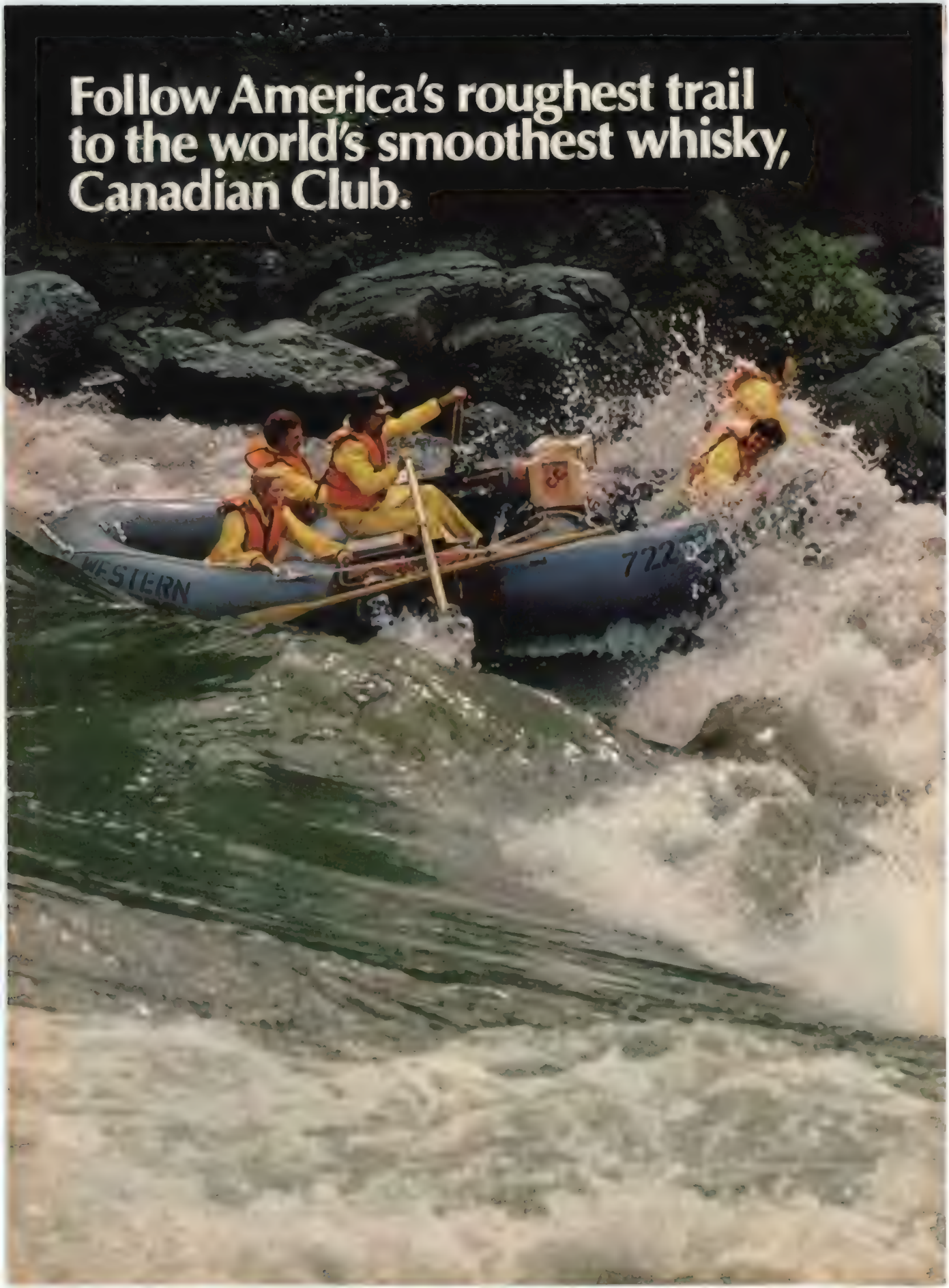
Palestinians with rocket launcher near Tyre

however, when the Christian Phalangists suddenly declared the Syrians to be an army of occupation and drove them out of Beirut's Christian-held areas. The Christians thereupon made another alliance of convenience—this time with Israel.

The fighting between the Syrians and Phalangists sputtered on through various cease-fires, then erupted into a new round of clashes. The latest flare-up began when the Christians covertly moved some 4,000 heavily armed militiamen into the hills surrounding Zahle. The biggest Christian city in Lebanon (pop. 200,000), it happens to be located just off the strategic Damascus-to-Beirut highway, Syria's main supply route. When the Syrians learned of the Phalangist buildup there, they charged that an Israeli-Christian plot was in the works to drive them out of the Bekaa Valley and link up Christian forces in the north with Major Haddad's Christian forces in the south. The Syrians, moreover, consider the valley their "soft underbelly" through which Israel could mount a flanking attack on Damascus and thus bypass its heavily fortified defense lines along the Golan Heights. So Syria unleashed the heavy attacks on the Christian positions, launch-

Christian Phalangists man a U.S.-made tank in Beirut

Lebanese Muslims with double-barreled antiaircraft gun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ing another chapter in Lebanon's bloody history

But nothing in Lebanon's byzantine political maneuverings is quite as simple —or as complicated—as it appears on the surface. Even when they were at each others' throats, the Syrians had never really severed communications with their onetime Christian allies. Indeed, talks that seemed to point to some sort of Syrian-Christian détente got under way two weeks ago. On the very day that the Israelis downed the Syrian helicopters, in fact, Syrian Foreign Minister Abdel Halim Khaddam arrived in Beirut for wide-ranging talks with Lebanese government officials and representatives of every political faction in the country. The talks were intended to seek a political solution that would be satisfactory to everyone. In spite of the Israeli-Syrian face-off, both Khaddam and Lebanese officials remained optimistic last week that the meetings had laid the groundwork for a plan of possible "national reconciliation." The main sticking point was Syria's insistence that the Christians sever their alliance with Israel. There was no real sign yet that the Christians would go quite that far. But it was worth noting that Pierre Gemayel, leader of the Christian Phalange Party, went out of his way last week to praise Syria's "big role in bringing about entente among the Lebanese."

U.S. diplomatic pressure on Israel, meanwhile, also seemed to be paying off. After talks with Ambassador Lewis, Begin suddenly muted his tone. Holding out an olive branch of sorts, the Prime Minister now declared: "We don't want war with Syria and we think Syria has reasons not to want war with Israel." Even more significant, perhaps, was Begin's statement that Israel had no official confirmation of any Syrian missile deployments in Lebanon. His refusal to acknowledge the presence of the missiles was possibly calculated to give Damascus a face-saving chance to remove them without appearing to be knuckling under to an Israeli threat.

With Begin downplaying the confrontation with Syria, there were hints that an even broader agreement might be in the works. One report had it that Syria agreed not to seize the Sannin Ridge, but would retain control over the Bekaa Valley; in exchange, Israel promised not to attack the Syrians again on behalf of their Christian allies. Such a deal, if adopted, would remove the immediate cause of last week's flare-up. Thus, if a lasting peace in Lebanon seemed as elusive as ever at week's end, the dangers of a new Middle East war, at least, seemed a little less imminent. *—By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by David Aikman/Jerusalem and William Stewart/Beirut*

"Assad Is Not a Fool"

Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, 67, was visibly tired and strained from the tensions of the confrontation with Syria last week. In the midst of feverish diplomatic efforts to head off a further escalation, he discussed the crisis with TIME *Jerusalem Bureau Chief David Aikman in his wood-paneled office and conveyed the impression that he was seeking a face-saving way for both countries to step back from the brink. Excerpts:*

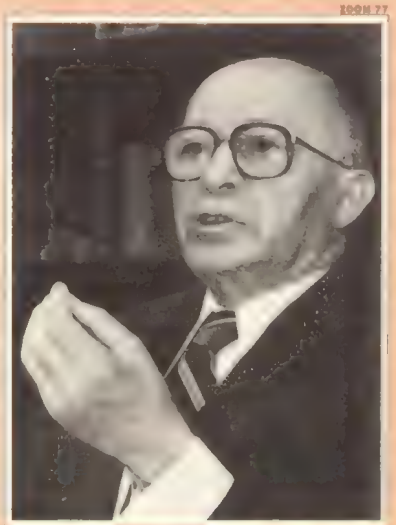
On the risk of war with Syria: We don't want war with Syria, and I believe that the Syrians don't want war with Israel. We hate war and hate bloodshed, and we want to give peace to our people. As far as the Syrians are concerned, they are a very warlike nation. They proved to Lebanon that they are very cruel. They bombarded civilians in the thousands with heavy cannon, tanks and missiles. They massacred them, like the Nazis did to the civilians in Europe. This is an exact comparison. However, I believe that President Assad is not a fool, and that he understands the relative strength of Syria and Israel. Therefore I assume he does not want war with Israel. Risks may be involved, but not of a general confrontation.

On U.S. diplomacy in the crisis: The U.S. made great efforts, they bore fruit, and they are continuing. Whether they will bear fruit in the future, I cannot say. The Syrians have a kind of attitude of contempt toward the U.S. and its ambassador. Assad didn't receive the U.S. Ambassador [to Damascus] during the past year, but he did receive the Soviet ambassador. The U.S. has been using the good offices of other nations, and we appreciate that very much.

On a so-called red line in Lebanon: There isn't a red line. It's a theory, and if some people used to talk about a red line, it was always movable, always changed. It is, in my opinion, a foolish expression.

On an alleged U.S. "green light" for Israel's action in Lebanon: We never asked for green lights or yellow lights. We are an independent state. But we are allies of the U.S. We consult with each other. When we have problems, we clarify them, but no pressure whatsoever is being exerted. [U.S. Ambassador Samuel] Lewis brought me a message from Secretary Haig stating that the U.S. would like to continue with diplomatic efforts, and they advised what is usually called restraint.

On Syrian missiles in Lebanon: We haven't yet declared that we know there are missiles. There is news [of missiles], but we have to find out. If there should be an incident, well, it is a fight. We might lose a plane, but there is no reason to take revenge on anyone. I don't think we should initiate hostilities against Syria as such, but the situation calls for attention, for thinking. At the proper time, we shall take the proper decisions. Who can say in advance?



Prime Minister Begin during interview

On the Syrian threat to Lebanese Christians: It is a very serious threat, and we are not going to acquiesce in any attempt to wipe out the Christian minority, either in the north or in the south. If, for instance, the Syrians continued with their bombardment of open cities, this would, of course, be an attempt to obliterate [the Christians].

On the risk to the peace treaty with Egypt if there is conflict with Syria: In my opinion President Sadat will never allow a breach of the treaty. I believe that President Sadat wants peace. The treaty forbids an intervention [on Syria's side] by Egypt. It is clearly stated. There cannot be any misunderstanding. By the way, President Sadat said that he prefers me as a person to Assad. It's a great compliment. I must say that since I was born I never heard such a compliment.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Bracing for a Blowup

As Sands fails, both sides gear up for a collision

Like veterans wise to combat—which, unhappily, they are—the residents of Northern Ireland last week mobilized for a frightening new eruption of sectarian strife, perhaps even of civil war. Housewives went on sprees of panic buying at local stores and pharmacies, stocking up on bread, medicines and canned foods. Families made contingency plans to evacuate women and children from threatened urban areas. Rival Protestant and Catholic neighborhoods scrambled to form local defense committees—and, in the process, fed each other's fears. Paramilitary forces paraded briefly in the streets of Belfast. As fears rose of the greater, gathering storm on the horizon, the hail of rocks and Molotov cocktails that wild gangs of youthful Catholic rioters had flung in recent days suddenly abated. In its place came the blast of an occasional professionally planted bomb, the lethal crack of a sniper's bullet. Said one tremulous taxi driver on Belfast's Catholic Falls Road: "It is as if people are conserving their energy for what's to come."

The mood of foreordained collision hung heaviest over the medical ward of Northern Ireland's Maze Prison, where convicted Irish Republican Army Terrorist Robert Gerard Sands—known to his supporters as Bobby—lay at the very edge of death. Sands, 27, serving a 14-year sentence for illegal arms possession, had entered the ninth week of a hunger strike aimed at winning special "political" status for himself and 700 I.R.A. prisoners in the H-block of the Maze. Doctors felt that Sands, the "commanding officer" of the interned Republicans, could die at any moment. Indeed, he had twice received the last rites.* Of three fellow hunger strikers, one, Francis Hughes, 27, was also considered to be at death's door, despite the fact that he began his protest two weeks after Sands.

The British government refused to budge. It insisted that the fast was a voluntary form of suicide that it would not prevent; neither would Whitehall give in to the prisoners' demands. Again and again, Northern Ireland Secretary Humphrey Atkins reaffirmed the British resolve to stand firm. The government, declared Spokesman Michael Alison in Belfast, "could not yield to this emotive form of blackmail."

Even the eleventh-hour intervention of Pope John Paul II failed to break the menacing impasse. The Pontiff, in an unprecedented move, sent one of his two personal secretaries to Northern Ireland to plead with Sands to end his strike. The Vatican emissary was Monsignor John Magee, 45, born just north of the Irish border, and a confidant not only of John Paul II but of his two predecessors. Magee spent an hour with Sands on Tuesday and conferred with him and his fellow protesters again the following day. In between his visits to the Maze, he met with Northern Ireland Secretary Atkins at the turreted Stormont Castle. Sands turned away the prelate's pleas. Earlier he had refused to meet with two members of the European Commission of Human Rights, who had been called in by the prisoner's anguished sister, Marcella.

If the protesting prisoners had hoped to raise sectarian passions by their ordeal, they succeeded. Some 15,000 Sands supporters attended a rally in West Belfast, the biggest demonstration ever for the recurring H-block cause. Catholic Activist Bernadette Devlin McAliskey warned the crowd that "if Bobby Sands dies, this country will lose whatever chance of a peaceful solution [to Irish unification] it ever had." More militant action was soon under way. An explosion echoed across Belfast's Shaw's Road, killing one policeman and injuring three others who had gone to investigate an abandoned truck. The vehicle had been booby-trapped. A day later, Republican gunmen ambushed a patrol of the Ulster Defense Regiment 20 miles south of Belfast. They killed one soldier and seriously wounded another. The number of people killed in Northern Ireland since Sands began his hunger strike on March 1 then stood at 13.

PH LIPPOT SYGMA

Pro-Sands demonstrators in Belfast

Peace hopes as faint as a heartbeat.

Marcella Sands

There were also stirrings in the Protestant community, which outnumbers Catholics by 1 million to 500,000. More than 1,000 hardline followers heeded the call of the Ulster Defense Association (U.D.A.) to stage an evening of patrols and military-style marching in Belfast. More ominous were reports that illegal Protestant organizations, such as the Ulster Volunteer Force and the Red Hand Commandos, had now joined forces with the U.D.A. in an Ulster Army Council. U.D.A. "Supreme Commander" Andy Tyrie termed the latest show of strength a "preliminary exercise." Militant Protestant Leader Ian Paisley lashed out at the British government for failing to take "proper steps" against threats of further I.R.A. terrorism and predicted that, if Sands died, Ulster could be in for a period of "savage" war.

The British response was to beef up their own security preparations. While the number of British army troops in Northern Ireland has declined from 22,000 to about 11,000 in recent years, the government gave notice that a reinforcement spearhead battalion had been placed on standby. At the same time, soldiers and police launched a series of preventive household raids. At least 20 of Sands' supporters were detained under Northern Ireland's Prevention of Terrorism Act. But the crackdown came across as a mere palliative. Unless Sands relented, the hope for peace in Northern Ireland appeared to be as faint as one man's weakening heartbeat. —*By George Russell. Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof/London and Edmund Curran/Belfast*

*While the Roman Catholic Church considers suicide a mortal sin, for which the ultimate sacrament can be denied, the benefit of the doubt is possible so long as there is hope of a last-minute change of mind; suicide is only accomplished by death.

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POLAND

Opting Boldly for "Renewal"

Kania too comes down on the side of reform

There had never been a May Day parade quite like it in the Soviet bloc. No outsize portraits of Marx and Lenin. No reviewing stand for party bigwigs. No interminable speeches. Marching in a procession of 100,000 workers down Warsaw's Krolewska Street last week, under a sea of red flags, was a group of men who used to gaze down on such manifestations from an elevated platform: the entire eleven-member Polish Politburo, hatless in spite of the light drizzle, occasionally smiling at the gaggle of photographers around them. Said one startled Polish journalist: "This is the greatest sign of renewal they could have given."

It was no empty gesture. Two days before, at a marathon session of the Central Committee, the party leadership had shown that it is out of step with its East bloc allies in far more fundamental ways. Party Boss Stanislaw Kania sought throughout the 19-hour session to satisfy the demands of his party's grass-roots reformers without openly challenging the Kremlin. In his own 90-minute speech, for example, he was careful to stress Poland's unshakable loyalty to the Soviet bloc. Ultimately, however, he seemed to come down clearly, and boldly, on the side of further democratization. Promising to "continue the line of socialist renewal," he told the 132 Central Committee members that "the party is empty and shallow without democracy." Kania went on to praise Solidarity, the independent trade union federation, as "a workers' organization, comprising millions of people of good will, in which many hundreds of thousands of party members operate." Coming from the leader of a party that had long claimed to be the workers' sole representative, Kania's utterances were remarkable.

No less remarkable were the specific reforms proposed by Kania and subsequently adopted by the plenum. Among them, a limit of two terms for all party officials, the banning of multiple officeholding by party members and the direct election by local party groups of delegates to the July 14-19 party congress.

Finally, the Central Committee also endorsed a minor shake-up in the ruling Politburo. Out went the ineffectual former Premier, Jozef Pinkowski. In came two workers, Gerard Gabrys, a miner, and Zygmunt Wronski, a molder at the Ursus tractor factory. Their inclusion in the party's supreme body, said Kania, was "the first step toward extending the representation of workers from the provinces into the Politburo."

For all Kania's lip service to the Soviet bloc, the Central Committee's actions seemed to fly in the face of Moscow's injunctions. Only six days before the plenum began, hard-lining Soviet Ideologue Mikhail Suslov had flown to Warsaw to deliver what was presumed to be a stiff warning to hold the line against further democratization. Shortly after that, a sizzling article published by TASS, the official Soviet news agency, charged unnamed Polish party reformists with "revisionism"—one of the gravest epithets in the Communist lexicon and one that was invoked against the reform-minded Czechoslovak leadership in 1968 just before Warsaw Pact tanks rolled into Prague.

The Soviet diatribe had apparently been sparked by a strong trend in the Polish party toward "horizontal" contacts among local party cells, a heretical reversal of the Leninist principle of "democratic centralism," by which power flows down from the Central Committee. That movement, born at a meeting of party dissidents in Torun on April 15, is now active in 40 of Poland's 49 provinces. In his speech before the Central Committee, Kania conspicuously refrained from attacking the Torun movement. While he warned that the party's "historically tested Leninist construction" must not be undermined, Kania described the Torun initiative as "generally positive."

The new measures did not satisfy the representatives of the Torun group who had gone to Warsaw to monitor the Central Committee plenum. Said one of their spokesmen: "We're not concerned with approaching democracy. We're concerned with democracy now." But that expression of impatience was itself an indication of how far Poland had come along the road to democracy. Where else, under Moscow's dominion, could one imagine the spectacle of government representatives sitting down with members of an independent trade union and treating them as equal bargaining partners? What other Communist government would endorse a legislative bill, as Warsaw did last week, offering legal recognition not only to that independent trade union but also to a private farmers' union? And what other East bloc party would undertake so thorough a housecleaning? More than 1,000 Polish government and party officials are now under investigation on various charges of corruption, incompetence and economic mismanagement.

Even as it sought to punish those who had helped bring on Poland's economic woes, the government pressed its campaign abroad to gain the financial elbow room required for recovery. Some relief came last week when representatives of 15 Western governments meeting in Paris agreed to postpone until 1986 $2.6 billion in debt repayments due this year.

But real economic recovery will require stringent belt-tightening measures, something Poland's long-suffering population may be reluctant to accept. The government last week added cereals and flour to its list of strictly rationed commodities, which already include meat and sugar. Meanwhile, the queues of hapless shoppers grow ever longer as bread, milk and cooking oil get scarcer. Only Polish humor, it sometimes seemed, was still in abundance. A cartoon in Solidarity's weekly newspaper showed two Poles discussing politics. "I hear Solidarity is pouring oil on the waters," says one. The other answers: "Hmmm. I wonder where they got it?" —*By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by Richard Hornik/Vienna and Gertraud Lessing/Warsaw*

Party Boss Kania and Premier Jaruzelski join May Day ceremonies in Warsaw

Seeking to satisfy the grass-roots reformers without openly challenging Moscow

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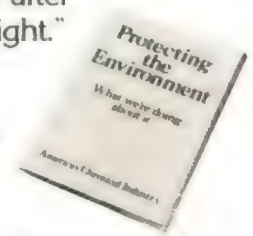

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FRANCE

A Tough Brawl to the Finish

Giscard and Mitterrand square off for the second round

As the contest for the French presidency approached its critical second round, the nation's two veteran political challengers pitched into what promised to be a bruising, strictly two-way brawl to the finish. Center-Right Candidate Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was the first to drop his customary Olympian hauteur. In a series of campaign rallies last week, France's incumbent President denounced Socialist Contender Francois Mitterrand as a captive of the Communists. "From now on," Giscard told his supporters in Dôle, "whether he wants to or not, whether he knows it yet or not, Monsieur Mitterrand is also speaking on behalf of the Communists." Warming to this theme at a rally in Dijon, Giscard declared that "if Mitterrand is elected, it will be Communist order or Socialist disorder."

Mitterrand was quick to retaliate. Accusing Giscard of "verbal violence," the Socialist leader turned a campaign appearance in Nevers into a fuming Marxist defense. "Don't insult [leftist voters] who want to live in freedom from the anguish of unemployment!" he challenged, addressing Giscard. Preying on the President's upper-class background and aristocratic style, Mitterrand went on: "I remind Monsieur Giscard d'Estaing that the people conquered freedom almost two centuries ago against the old feudal order, and against the feudalism of money, and that the people are fighting for freedom today against the narrow, selfish caste personified by Giscard."

Giscard's scare tactics and Mitterrand's bombast were designed to affect French voters decisively when they go to the polls May 10 for the second round of balloting. But because of the peculiarity of the French electoral system, the final outcome depends not only on the winners but also on the losers of the first-round vote. Though Giscard and Mitterrand captured the greatest number of ballots in the first vote, thus eliminating the eight other candidates for the presidency, two of the losers, Neo-Gaullist Leader Jacques Chirac and Communist Party Chief Georges Marchais, still command a formidable electoral following. The final choice of their supporters may tip the scales in next week's runoff.

Giscard emerged on top from the first round, but in a particularly vulnerable position. His lead was a dispiriting 28.3% of the vote, compared with his 32.6% first-round score in the 1974 presidential elections. Even then he had barely managed to beat Mitterrand by 1.6% in the runoff. This time Mitterrand appeared to have made impressive new gains. Indeed, with 25.8% of the first-round ballots, he had captured more French voters than any Socialist since the end of World War II. Clearly, Giscard's chances of prevailing in the runoff are marginal without the undivided support of Chirac's neo-Gaullists, who polled a hefty 18% in the first round.

Giscard d'Estaing after first-round vote

The outcome also depends on the losers.

Afterward, however, Chirac offered only lukewarm support to Giscard. Though he declared that he would personally vote for the President, Chirac refused to lead his 5.2 million neo-Gaullist supporters into a stampede for Giscard. Instead he merely advised them to vote "according to their conscience." An agitated meeting of his party's Central Committee broke up without any accord on how to instruct its rank and file. Some party leaders, including former Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville, argued vigorously in favor of Giscard, but a surprising number expressed a preference either for Mitterrand or for not voting at all. Resentment ran high about Giscard's attempts to eliminate neo-Gaullists from power during his seven years as President. Predicted Pollster Jérôme Jaffré: "Most Chirac supporters will remain loyal to the center-right, but as many as one out of four may not." If Jaffré is right, more than a million neo-Gaullists voting against Giscard or abstaining in the second round could rob the President of re-election.

In contrast, Mitterrand's position appeared to be reinforced by the Communist Party's decision to throw its 4.5 million supporters his way. That move was evidently prompted by the stunning Communist losses in the first round. The party dropped from 20.6% to 15.3% of the vote—its worst performance since 1936. Shocked by the defections, party leaders set out to lure back workers who had apparently recoiled from the way the Communists had torpedoed Mitterrand's 1978 attempt at a Socialist-Communist alliance. Even in this election, Marchais had appeared to direct the Communists' first-round campaign as much against Mitterrand—as "an obstacle to change"—as against Giscard. According to some analysts, the Communists are now supporting Mitterrand in the hope of ultimately sinking him.

Whatever the reasons behind the Communists' maneuver, their formal support may prove crucial to Mitterrand in what promises to be one of the closest elections in French history. Though Marchais has continued to demand that Mitterrand accept Communist ministers in his prospective Socialist government, Mitterrand has cannily sidestepped the issue to avoid alarming moderate voters. Ridiculing Mitterrand's ambiguous stance last week, Giscard asked, "Why doesn't he answer Marchais directly when the latter asks for his share of government ministers? The reason: Mitterrand wants the votes of Communists and anti-Communists at the same time." Giscard's rather derisive conclusion: "Mitterrand is seeking an impossible alliance between water and fire." That dampening prospect may yet suffice to turn France's voters away from Mitterrand in the final count.

—By Patricia Blake. Reported by Henry Muller/Paris

Mitterrand receives cheers from Paris fans

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BRITAIN

"How Say You?"

A confessed killer answers

"I don't want to miss this. This is one for the history books," said a woman who waited all night outside London's Central Criminal Court. The attraction for curiosity seekers was Peter Sutcliffe, 34, a soft-spoken, bearded truck driver from the West Yorkshire mill town of Bradford, who seemed an unlikely focus for the notoriety surrounding the "Yorkshire Ripper" murder cases. Even though the historic Old Bailey has echoed in the past to the oaths of rogues like Captain James Kidd, the pirate, and the epigrams of Oscar Wilde, few words could have commanded as much attention as Sutcliffe's responses last week to a simple question asked 20 times: "How say you, Peter Sutcliffe, are you guilty or not guilty?"

Sutcliffe pleaded guilty to seven counts of attempted murder. Then, as his wife looked on with distress from a nearby seat and grim-faced relatives of the victims strained to hear, he was questioned about 13 counts of murder. Occasionally stumbling nervously over his words, he responded: "Not guilty to murder, but guilty to manslaughter on the grounds of diminished responsibility." Thus in less than ten minutes, the chilling admission was heard in a tangled case of multiple murder that had claimed the lives of 13 Yorkshire and Lancashire women since 1975. Before the suspect was arrested last January, more than $8 million had been spent and 300,000 people questioned in what became the largest man hunt in British history. Displayed on a table in the courtroom was a gruesome assortment of exhibits: hammers, screwdrivers, knives, a hacksaw and a thin, short rope.

Peter Sutcliffe

Despite Sutcliffe's admission of guilt on the seven charges of attempted murder and 13 of manslaughter, his trial was far from over. Expressing "grave anxiety," the judge, Sir Leslie Boreham, asked the attorney general and chief prosecutor, Sir Michael Havers, to explain "in greater detail than usual" the background of Sutcliffe's "diminished responsibility" plea—a British variant of "temporary insanity." After reports about the defendant's mental state were read, Justice Boreham finally responded: "It would be more appropriate if this case were dealt with by a jury." He adjourned the court until this week, when a jury will be impaneled and, after hearing evidence, asked to decide the merits of Sutcliffe's diminished responsibility plea.

Should the manslaughter plea be accepted, Justice Boreham would still have the power to sentence Sutcliffe to any prison term, possibly including life. He could also order hospitalization. Whether Sutcliffe goes to prison or to a prison hospital, it is certain he will not have to face execution. Except in cases involving treason, Britain abolished capital punishment in 1965. ■

The Cruellest Month

"Oh, to be in England now that April's there," longed Robert Browning in *Home-Thoughts, From Abroad* in 1845. Had he been writing last week, he might have been tempted to plagiarize T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* (1922): "April is the cruellest month." Not for about 100 years had Britain witnessed such a miserable April, replete with blizzards, rainstorms and—finally—flooding.

Across much of the country, plunging temperatures brought record snowfalls and drifts as high as 15 ft. In some places, power cables were downed, vehicles were stalled, and hundreds of motorists were stranded—including a wedding party marooned for eleven hours aboard a bus on Salisbury Plain. In Scotland, a taxi driver, trapped by snow, burned half a tank of gas just to keep his cab warm, while he waited for assistance. Five schoolboys out on an endurance test were rescued after two nights on storm-swept Dartmoor; a medium had told police where to look. Horse racing, cricket and soccer games were canceled, and the bloom totally vanished from the Harrogate spring flower show. Farmers were among the hardest hit, the storms destroyed fruit blossoms and vegetables and—in the north—buried and killed thousands of newborn lambs.

Among the few happy consequences: after 4-ft. snowdrifts prevented a christening at a Devon church, the vicar made his way to the local pub, where the postchristening celebrations were to have been held. The baby was baptized right there, over a champagne bucket.

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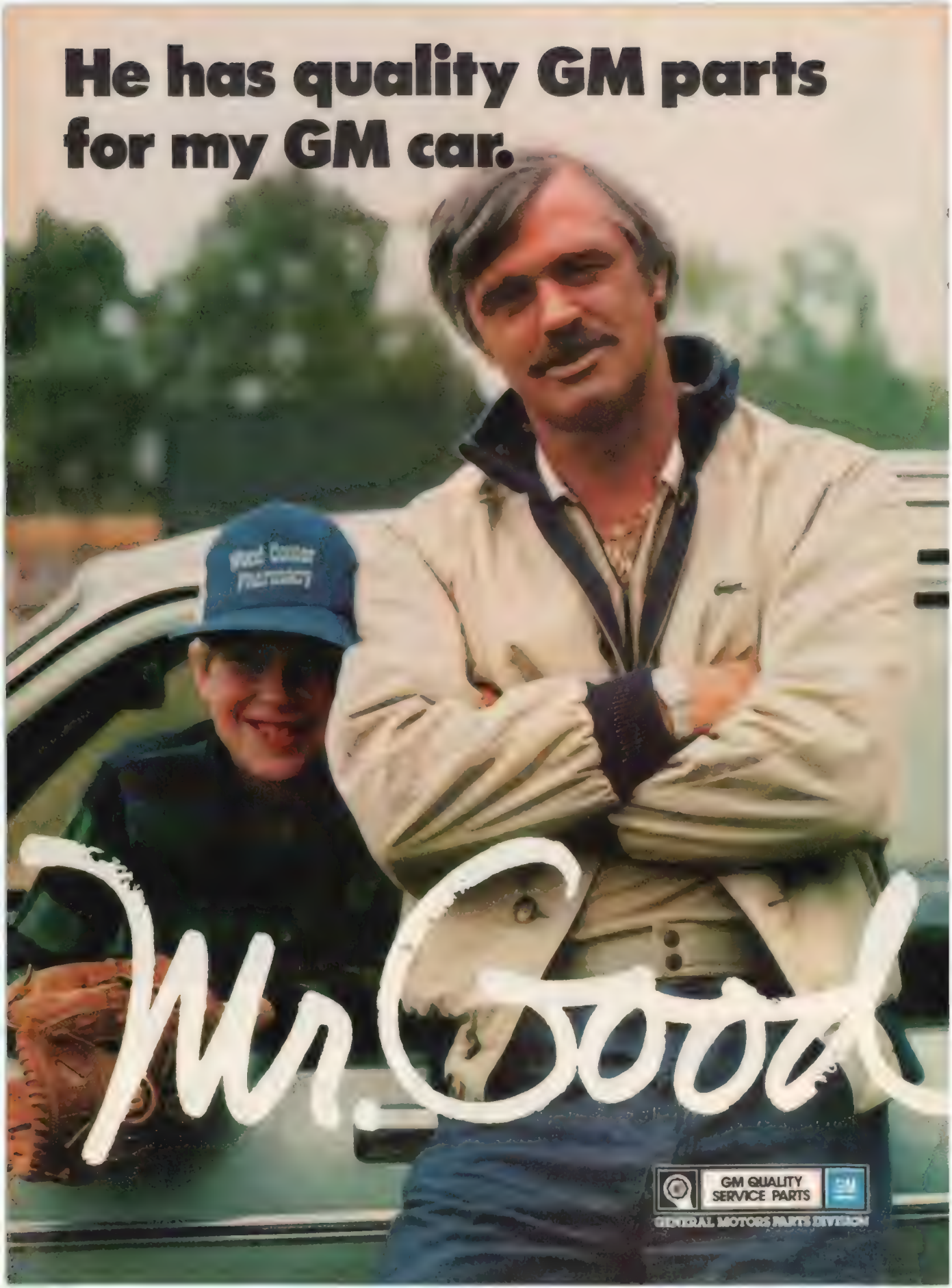

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SOUTH AFRICA

Botha's Setback

He wins—but reforms may lose

In South African elections there is never any doubt about the outcome. The all-white electorate troops to the polls and votes overwhelmingly for the Afrikaner-dominated, white-supremacist National Party, just as it has seven times since 1948. Last week's parliamentary election seemed to be no exception: the Nationalists ran up a familiar landslide among the 1.5 million voters, winning 131 of the 165 seats at stake. But this time there were significant differences. There was an overriding issue—the extent and pace of racial reform. There were defections from the ruling party, to both the left and right. And that combination produced the worst electoral setback the National Party has received in its 33 years in power.

The 2½-year-old government of Prime Minister P.W. Botha has been edging cautiously toward reform of South Africa's rigid system of enforced racial separation. It has advocated the abolition or modification of many so-called petty apartheid regulations, such as the hated pass laws that restrict blacks' movement, and those forbidding racial mixing in public places such as restaurants and sports facilities. Botha has also floated vague promises of better conditions for the country's blacks and has granted some tangible concessions: legalized black labor unions and increased spending on black education. Limited as such reforms have been, they are enough to enrage and frighten many whites.

The major right-wing challenge to Botha came from the twelve-year-old Herstigte (Reformed) Nasionale Party, which strongly advocates continued white privilege, black subjection and rigid racial segregation. Though the H.N.P. was unable once again to gain a single parliamentary seat in the election, its adherents more than quintupled their vote totals, to 191,000, and cut painfully into National Party majorities in many districts. H.N.P. Leader Jaap Marais, for example, challenged Nationalist Andries Treurnicht, the political boss of the Transvaal, and came within 1,500 votes of unseating him.

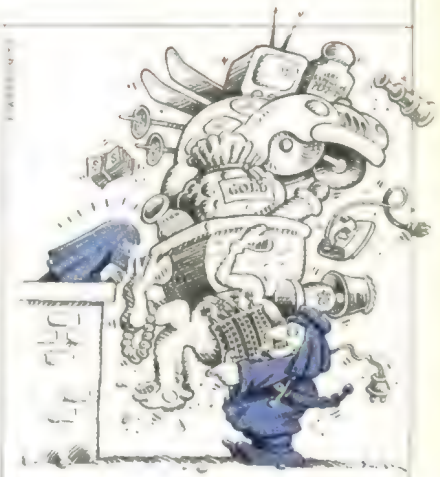
Prime Minister Botha addresses election rally

There were defections to both left and right

At the same time the moderate Progressive Federal Party (P.F.P.) attracted voters who regard Botha's cautious moves as a series of improvised compromises that will neither placate blacks nor ultimately prevent armed confrontation with them. P.F.P. Leader Frederick van Zyl Slabbert called Botha "an illusionary figure of reform" and his promises "vague mumbo jumbo." The P.F.P. gained nine seats in the new parliament, bringing its total to 26. They also dealt the Nationalists their worst single blow, defeating Minister of Industries Dawie de Villiers in his Cape Town constituency. It was the first time an incumbent National Party minister had failed to be re-elected.

Throughout his campaign, Botha concentrated on limiting the challenge from the right. He emphasized his hard-line anti-Communist foreign policy, recalling the capture of a Soviet spy last year, and the suspension of preferential trade relations with neighboring Marxist-led Zimbabwe in March. He also played on the considerable comfort the Nationalists have derived from their hopes of rapprochement with the U.S., as manifested by such gestures as Foreign Minister Roelof Botha's forthcoming visit to Washington later this month. That process has been helped along by U.S. participation with Britain and France, in vetoes of U.N. Security Council resolutions calling for comprehensive sanctions against South Africa for foot dragging on Namibian independence.

On the domestic front, although Botha reiterated his pledge to accommodate all "legitimate personal and group aspirations," he devoted more attention to explaining what he would not do for blacks than on elaborating his earlier promises. He ruled out the possibility that blacks could ever own property in white urban areas. One of his ministers assured audiences that the government still spends eight times as much on educating a white child as on a black. Even so, many National Party rallies were poorly attended, and Botha and other campaigners were subjected to severe heckling by right-wing rowdies. In the end, the National Party suffered a 7% decline in its popular vote total. Trying to put the best face on the election results, Botha claimed to be satisfied. "We have enough public support to continue undaunted with our task" of limited social change, he told a post-election gathering. But the defection of so many Nationalist voters seemed likely to slow even further the already snail-like pace of racial reform. ■



CEREMONIES

Abu Dhabi I Do's

A chic Arab sheik

Buckingham Palace may have lavish plans for Prince Charles' wedding, but it will have to go far to top a style of royal nuptials unusual even for fabled Arabian sheikdoms. For the wedding of his eldest son Mohammed and his bride Princess Salama, Sheik Zayed, the President of the United Arab Emirates, threw a $40 million bash in Abu Dhabi.

The festivities began with an entrance straight from *A Thousand and One Nights*. Mounted on a white steed, Bridegroom Mohammed rode at dawn to the portal of Salama's palace. He was preceded by a caravan of 20 camels laden with trunks of diamonds, emeralds and rubies. If these gifts seemed mere baubles to the bride, it was because her father Sheik Hamdan had given her an entire town with three skyrise apartment buildings, a luxury hotel and 55 shops and boutiques.

In a 20,000-seat amphitheater he had built for the occasion, Sheik Zayed inaugurated seven nights of revelry by joining in a saber dance. Then 50 Arab and African song-and-dance troupes paraded before the princes, emirs, sheiks and ambassadors who had been flown in on 34 private jets. The show-stopper was an Arabian singer's rendition of a specially composed wedding song, *Mohammed and Salama*. The sheik was moved to give the performer a bright red 1981 Mercedes, which promptly inspired an encore number, *The Man with the Red Mercedes*.

Two million rainbow-colored fireworks flashed across the night sky, making a whistling sound like the warbling of nightingales. A crowd of 20,000 feasted on mutton, turkey and Arabian specialties, such as *tabbouleh*, spread on long buffet tables set up in the city streets. A good time was had, though perhaps not by all. Following strict Bedouin tradition, Bride Salama was cloistered in her room the entire seven days and missed her own wedding celebration. ■

The Trouble with Watt

The lines are drawn for an epic ecological battle

Depend upon it, sir, when a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully.
—Samuel Johnson

Searching for sources, environmentalists customarily quote writers like Henry David Thoreau or John Muir. But these days the heads of organizations like the Audubon and Wilderness societies are resorting more and more to Dr. Johnson. Why? The answer is that though environmentalists are not about to be hanged, the conservation programs they know and love seem in grave danger of being done in —if not within a fortnight, then soon.

For the past 20 years, the environmental movement has enjoyed both popular support and friends in high places. Presidents Johnson, Nixon and Carter gave lip service—and often much more —to the idea of safeguarding America's natural resources. Year after year Congress came through nobly, enacting such landmark legislation as the Clean Air and Clean Water acts, and a series of bills designed to protect endangered species. In 1980 the nation's legislators even created a "superfund" to clean up toxic-waste dumps. The new Administration plans to reverse much of that. Says Audubon Society President Russell Peterson, Reagan is "trying to turn back the clock."

Peterson has a case. Faced with the need to save money and increase production, especially of energy resources, the President is more interested in developing land than in preserving endangered animals or ecosystems. Since coming into office he has appointed people with a strong prodevelopment bias to the top environmental jobs. Interior Secretary James Watt, who as a Colorado lawyer used to battle the department he now heads, is only the most prominent example. Another Coloradan, Environmental Protection Agency Administrator-designate Anne Gorsuch made it a practice, as a state legislator, to oppose the EPA's hazardous-waste and car-emission rules. Fellow Coloradan Robert Burford, chosen to head Interior's Bureau of Land Management, is a veteran of a land-hungry, anticonservationist movement collectively known as the Sagebrush Rebellion, which favors turning federally managed lands over to the states. Even John Crowell, Reagan's nominee as Assistant Secretary of Agriculture in charge of the U.S. Forest Service, used to be counsel to the Louisiana-Pacific Corp., one of the largest buyers of federal timberland in the country.

In the Administration's budget requests for fiscal 1982, the $14 billion Carter allocated for environmental programs has been trimmed to $11.9 billion. Reagan's economic package slashes funding for the three main agencies charged with protection of the environment: $887 million, or 13.4%, from the Department of the Interior; $2.7 million, or 72%, from the Council on Environmental Quality; and $3.9 million, or 74%, from the Environmental Protection Agency. The proposed cuts will hit heavily at such things as coastal zone management, wildlife protection, and development of water resources—except in Western states, where financing for water projects is to be only delayed, not cut off.

Interior's James Watt

Audubon's Peterson

Last week Watt declared that the Administration, contrary to earlier statements, had no immediate plans to give back to state or local governments any land now set aside as national parks and wildlife refuges, including such urban parks as Gateway in New York and New Jersey, and Golden Gate in California. That was a relief, and a surprise, for environmentalists. But from an ecologist's point of view almost every other word, or action, from the Interior Secretary has been bad news:

▸ Watt has declared a moratorium on the acquisition of more national parkland, despite the fact that parks are now being used by more people than ever. In 1970 more than 172 million visited the country's national recreation areas; last year at least 300 million toured places like Yosemite, Yellowstone and Glacier. He has also invited private concessionaires to take over many more park functions, such as handling tenting and trailer reservations, running information booths and selling food, though the quality and cost of services now being provided by concessionaires have been the subject of three separate congressional investigations.

John Crowell

Michael McCloskey

▸ Watt has proposed "unlocking" many of the more than 500 million federal acres under his protection for mining, timbering and grazing, despite evidence that those lands now available for development are not being properly used. The Secretary supports proposed legislation that would make it easier for oil and timber interests to prevent the designation, by Congress, of new wilderness areas in national forests.

▸ Finally, over the opposition of environmentalists and local residents—not to mention Governor Edmund Brown Jr., who last week filed suit against the Federal Government—Watt wants to open four areas off the California coast to oil and gas exploration. According to some opponents, no more than 194 million bbl. of oil lie under these areas, which are located near such scenic spots as Point

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Reyes and Big Sur. Those 194 million bbl. would meet U.S. needs for about twelve days. But Watt insists: "We must inventory our lands ... the only way to determine the quantities of oil and gas is to drill."

Environmental groups are getting ready for the fight of their lives in a variety of ways. The 200,000-member Sierra Club has chosen direct attack. It is circulating a petition demanding that Watt be fired. "We're trying to provide a way for an outraged public to express itself to the federal officials closest to them," explains Executive Director Michael McCloskey. Other groups disagree with this tactic. "We've got to go after specific programs," says Jack Lorenz, executive director of the 50,000-member Izaak Walton League of America. "If we can't go after the program, we shouldn't be in business."

Many of Lorenz's colleagues agree. Environmentalists like former Senator Gaylord Nelson of the Wilderness Society are taking advantage of the Administration's attitude to build up membership and organize grass-roots support for various threatened programs. But however they approach the ecology war, the next big battle will begin this month in Congress when the Clean Air Act, which expires in September, comes up for renewal. Washington is expected to

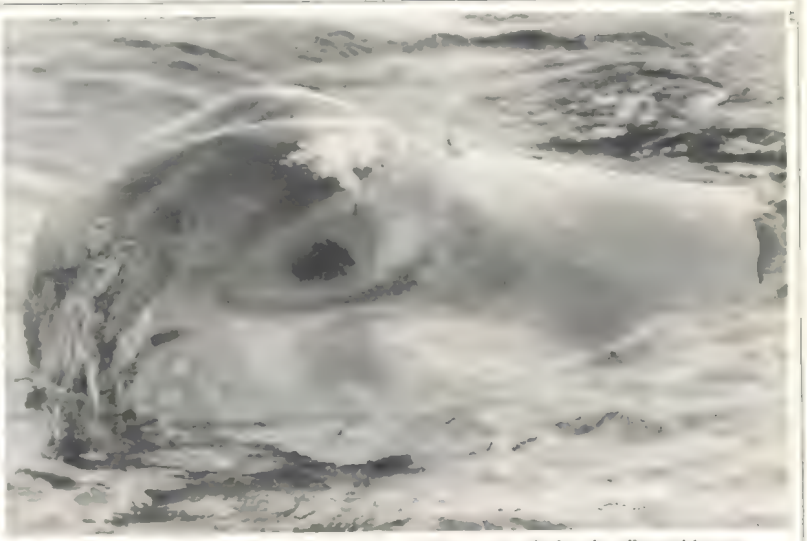
Anne Gorsuch

Gaylord Nelson

attack several key provisions restricting industrial pollutants. Among other things, it hopes to encourage the burning of coal and reduce emission standards on automobiles.

Convincing the House and Senate that such measures are wrong may prove difficult. Many Congressmen believe that environmental rules and red tape are clogging the machinery of production and have dangerously delayed U.S. development of coal, oil and gas reserves.

Environmentalists admit that they have sometimes displayed what Peterson describes as "an excess of zeal." But most agree with Lorenz that "knee-jerk, quick-fix budget cuts and land-management policy changes are potentially much more damaging than knee-jerk environmentalism." That point should not be lost on the Administration. Preserving land and water resources today still allows for development at some future time. Uncontrolled development now leaves few options for the future. —*By Peter Stoler. Reported by Gary Lee/Washington*



On day of departure, Physty thrusts bruised snout above water before heading out to sea

Squid *Pro Quo*

And penicillin for a whale

Each year thousands of whales run aground and die along the beaches of the world. Scientists do not know why. Some blame diseases or parasitic infections that affect the animals' navigational ability. Others believe whales may simply become lost in pursuit of prey. Some even speculate about an atavistic urge —perhaps triggered by stress—that causes these ancient mammals to seek the safety of the land from which their ancestors migrated. The beach-bound victims are usually small, toothed whales, like the pilot and false killer. But when a whale tried to beach itself just east of New York harbor, it was a very special case.

The suicidal leviathan was a relatively rare sperm whale. Such whales have the biggest brains on the planet (up to 20 lbs.). They can dive to crushing depths of half a mile or more, deeper than any other air-breathing mammal. These descendants of Moby Dick are still relentlessly hunted for the waxy spermaceti and exceptionally fine oil found in their square snouts, and for an intestinal secretion called ambergris, used in making perfume. They have become an endangered species.

Marine biologists flocked to the site of the distressed whale when it was found in only 3 ft. of water near Long Island's Jones Beach. Its breathing was labored, mucus leaked from its blowhole, and it would surely have died. Though the creature was only three to six years old and far from full grown, it was already formidable. A 24-ft.-long male, it was, at 25,000 lbs., about as heavy as two full-grown elephants and just as powerful. When Samuel Sadove, 25, a doctoral candidate in cetology (the study of whales), and Marine Veterinarian Jay Hyman, 46, tried to put a line around the animal's tail to haul it out to deeper water, the whale batted both men off their feet.

Eventually, a Coast Guard cutter managed to tow the whale to a nearby boat basin. It listed heavily to one side. Tests on the mucus, which Hyman had collected by poking a giant Q-Tip into the blowhole, revealed four different types of pneumonia bacteria. The prospects seemed bleak. But scientists dosed the animal with penicillin and began serving it squid—a sperm whale favorite. Soon it started "sitting" higher in the water, raising its head and emitting the clicking sounds that sperms seem to use for communication or echo locating.

The scientists called the patient Physty, after the whale's Latin name, *Physeter catodon*. As word of Physty's plight spread, tens of thousands of people came to see him. Two women brought flowers; others sent get-well cards. But suddenly Physty's condition worsened —perhaps because of stress created by all the attention. In desperation the rescue teams switched to a more powerful antibiotic, lacing a dozen squid with about 50 tablets each of Chloromycetin and pushing them down Physty's throat. Next day, in a remarkable comeback, the whale began practicing quick, shallow dives.

After ten days, and with federal approval, the scientists decided to let Physty go. But when they removed the net blocking off the boat basin, he seemed reluctant, twice swerving away from the opening. Thousands of spectators urged him on, shouting, "Go, Physty, go. You can do it." At last the whale was herded into the bay. Then, escorted by eleven boats, it slowly headed out to sea. Two Coast Guard vessels followed it 4½ miles into the Atlantic, watching it make three dives of about 3 min. apiece, blowing off its steamy breath each time. Then Physty was seen no more. It was the first time that a stranded sperm whale had ever been saved. ■

With a piggyback landing in Florida, *Columbia* completes an epic voyage

Space

Loafing on the Last Lap

The shuttle returns home to prepare for its next flight

Exactly 16 days after its fiery lift-off, the space shuttle *Columbia* last week reappeared in the Florida skies. This time it was only a piggyback passenger, riding on a Boeing 747. The coast-to-coast flight required an overnight refueling stop in Oklahoma. As a result, the ship that circled the earth in 90 minutes and plunged back into the atmosphere at 25 times the speed of sound took a full day to complete the final lap of its epic journey.

When the big Boeing and its high-priced hitchhiker landed on the Kennedy Space Center's new three-mile-long shuttle runway, there was none of the hoopla that marked the launch. Only 3,000 people, mostly NASA employees and their families, were on hand to greet the space voyager. No one seemed to miss the attention. As a spokesman explained, "This is routine. It's going to be coming back here many, many times."

Whether the flights of *Columbia* and its sister ships now under construction become as commonplace as more earthbound commuter runs depends on how the spacecraft checks out during the coming weeks. Shortly after the Boeing landed, the shuttle was lifted off its back by a giant hoist that NASA, in characteristic jargon, calls a mate/demate device. *Columbia* was then towed to its processing hangar, where it will undergo stem-to-stern examination and overhaul.

Some problems are already apparent. Engineers are satisfied with the performance of the heat-shielding tiles that protected the spacecraft against the searing, 2700° F temperatures of its re-entry into the atmosphere. But they are still perplexed by many dents and chips in the brittle material, especially on the starboard side. Best guess so far: the damage was incurred during lift-off by ice and insulation that broke free of the shuttle's giant external fuel tank, which contained supercold liquid oxygen and hydrogen. Another puzzle is why the bulky, swept-winged "bird" showed greater lift than expected on descent, which carried it half a mile beyond its intended landing spot at Edwards Air Force Base in California. A small glitch was caused by the failure of the shuttle's zero-*g* toilet, an air-blown device that somehow became plugged up during the flight. Says NASA's Aaron Cohen: "We're in the troubleshooting mode now on that."

DAN CONNOLLY

Truly, Engle and symbolic key

Space agency engineers are convinced that they can deal with any problems that turn up when work crews inspect the engines, test all systems and go over the ship with a space-age version of a fine-tooth comb. If so, *Columbia* should be ready and waiting by the end of September or early October to take Astronauts Joe Engle, 48, and Richard Truly, 43, on man's second shuttle flight into space. ■

Religion

Double Trouble

Wanted: two annulments

Like hundreds of thousands of less famous Roman Catholics, New York's Governor Hugh Carey has a divorce problem. He is forbidden to take Communion because he is married to a divorced woman, glamorous Greek Orthodox Millionaire Evangeline Gouletas, who has now been married four times. His church does not recognize divorce at all. Her church does recognize divorce, for numerous reasons, but allows only two per person.

However, the Catholic Church permits annulments on several grounds, and two of her marriages might qualify. A third does not count with either church because it was a civil ceremony. Her first marriage, to a man named Frank Kallas, initially seemed to be no problem; she said Kallas was dead. But then, only two days after the wedding to Carey, he turned up again, alive and just about to open a restaurant in California. Mrs. Carey contends her Kallas marriage was invalid in any case because he was married to someone else at the time. Kallas denies this, but she won a civil divorce from him in 1958 for bigamy and a subsequent Greek Orthodox divorce. Because she was only 18 at the time of the marriage, she could also seek an annulment for "lack of due discretion," on grounds that she lacked sufficient judgment to consent to matrimony.

The Careys

The only remaining obstacle would be her 1966 marriage to Chicago Interior Designer Evangelos Metaxas, which also ended with a Greek Orthodox divorce after five years. "He could not live with women," she has explained. "We simply did not cohabit." The Governor's wife thus might claim lack of due discretion with regard to the Metaxas marriage. Formerly strict Catholic tribunals in the U.S. now accept a wide range of after-the-fact evidence that a spouse was psychologically incapable of entering a true marriage. (The number of U.S. annulments has jumped 5000% in the past decade, to more than 24,000 a year.) The Careys announced last week that they will apply for a multiple annulment. That involves presenting evidence before a diocesan tribunal consisting of a judge, aided by a canon lawyer, called defender of the bond, who tries to block the annulment. These days the process has been streamlined in the U.S. Even with appeals it rarely takes more than a year or two. ■

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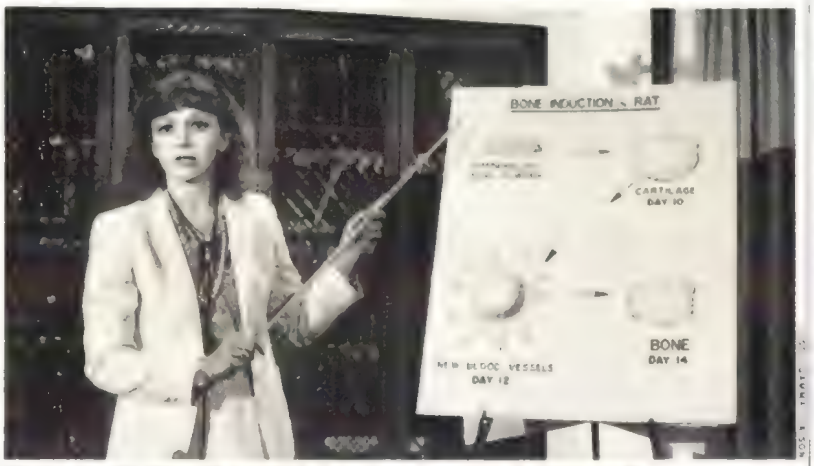


Biochemist Julie Glowacki explains how implants encourage skeletal growth

A Chip off the Old Cadaver

Using specially treated bones, doctors make repairs in humans

A child is born with a putty face: gaping hole for a mouth, eyes spaced widely apart, the facial bones not yet developed. Another, born without any bone in his nose, has nostrils projecting forward so grotesquely that his face resembles that of a pig. A third youngster loses his jawbone in an accident, and, as a result, his teeth are about to fall out.

For children with such horrific structural defects, the only solution is extensive and grueling surgery. Doctors take bone from the patient's own body, usually from the ribs or hips, and graft it to the existing bone in the head and face. Unfortunately, the patient has a limited amount of spare bone, the "harvesting" process can mean additional trauma, and frequently the transplanted material is absorbed back into the body before new bone has formed. But now doctors may have a way of overcoming these difficulties. Last week Boston researchers announced that they had made successful repairs in more than 40 patients by using specially treated bone from cadavers.

In the technique, developed by a team headed by Surgeon Judah Folkman of Children's Hospital Medical Center and described in the *Lancet*, the bone is made into strips, blocks, chips or powder and soaked in hydrochloric acid to remove all minerals. It is then dried, sterilized and stored. When needed, it is mixed with a saline solution. Says Plastic Surgeon John B. Mulliken, also of Children's Hospital: "The powder, which then has a pasty consistency, is used to caulk around defects, to fill in holes, irregularities, and is shoved into places hard to get at. The chips, though rubbery, immediately give some stability and form." Cartilage and then bone appear, usually within six months of the implant.

In conventional transplants, the grafted material serves as scaffolding for bone cells migrating from adjacent tissue. But, the researchers say, something else apparently happens with demineralized bone: it induces the host tissue to form completely new bone. "This material changes the cells it comes in contact with," Biochemist Julie Glowacki explains. Fibroblasts, the cells that produce the connective tissue in the body, become osteoblasts, which are bone-producing cells. Though no one knows why the conversion occurs, scientists speculate that the demineralized material delivers an electrical signal to surrounding cells.

The Boston researchers tested the technique in 4,000 rats before turning to human subjects 2½ years ago. The results have been extremely encouraging, particularly in correcting youngsters' congenital deformities. The putty face now has normal shape, and the piglike face has a nose. The jawless child grew a new one after only a brief operation to insert demineralized bone.

The most extensive use of demineralized bone taken from humans (and possibly some day from animals) may be to treat accident victims or people who are losing jawbone because of periodontal disease or tooth loss. But the researchers caution that the procedure is still experimental and must undergo more clinical tests before it comes into widespread use. Says Mulliken: "We just don't know how strong the bone is going to be." Adds Oral Surgeon Leonard Kaban: "We are trying to go very slowly with this. We don't want it to be a case of the emperor's new clothes, where everybody wants it to work so much that they just believe it does." ■

Laetrile Flunks

Test shows cancer quackery

Supporters of Laetrile were overjoyed 2½ years ago, when the National Cancer Institute announced that it would sponsor human testing of the controversial cancer therapy. Last week the first results were reported at a meeting in Washington of the American Society of Clinical Oncology, and they gave the apricot-derived substance a royal raspberry. Said N.C.I. Director Vincent DeVita Jr.: "The findings ... present public evidence of Laetrile's failure as a cancer treatment. The hollow promise of this drug has led thousands of Americans away from potentially helpful therapy of scientific validity."

DeVita's conclusion is based on studies of 156 patients at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn., Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City, Jonsson Comprehensive Cancer Center at UCLA and the University of Arizona Health Sciences Center in Tucson. The patients had advanced cancers, usually of the lung, breast, colon and rectum, that could no longer be treated by standard methods. Laetrile was given intravenously for 21 days, then orally three times daily. In addition, patients received the metabolic program prescribed by most Laetrile advocates: vitamins, pancreatic enzymes and a diet emphasizing fresh fruits, vegetables and whole grains.

Within one month, disease had progressed in 50% of the patients and after three months in 90%. Only a fifth were alive at the end of eight months. The findings are comparable to those when patients receive no therapy at all. Only one patient showed a shrinkage in tumor size, and that lasted just ten weeks. Even this improvement is in doubt since the patient moved in the course of the study, and his new physicians might have evaluated his condition more favorably. At the end of ten weeks of Laetrile therapy, only 3% of patients showed any weight gain, and only a few said they felt better. Preliminary results with 14 patients treated with very high doses of Laetrile and vitamins also indicated no improvement.

Laetrile advocates, who have forced legalization of its use in 23 states, charge that the drug used in the tests was not pure Laetrile. The N.C.I. says the material is structurally identical to that found in Mexico's Laetrile clinics. Says Robert Bradford of the Committee for Freedom of Choice in Cancer Therapy, a Laetrile lobbying group: "The whole thing, as far as we are concerned, is a put-up deal to discredit Laetrile." Replies Dr. Charles Moertel of the Mayo Clinic: "We like to be optimistic about the good sense of the public ... But we are not going to stop some people from chasing rainbows." ■

Pint-sized luxury: Ford's 1982 smaller Lincoln Continental and the subcompact Cadillac Cimarron that goes on sale this month for $13,000

Economy & Business

Detroit Is Fighting Back

Automakers win quotas on Japanese imports and roll out new models

American carmakers last week had one eye firmly fixed on the cash-box and the other on Japan. As the seemingly endless flood of auto company losses continued, the Reagan Administration finally won an agreement with the Japanese government for a "voluntary" cutback of up to three years in the number of autos exported to the U.S. Meanwhile, Detroit was preparing for this week's launching of the latest answer to sluggish auto sales and the Japanese imports: the General Motors J-cars.

The agreement came only after some last-minute shuttle diplomacy across the Pacific. Japanese automakers were firmly opposed to any export reductions, and the Ministry of International Trade and Industry was having little luck bringing them into line. But after a Tokyo dinner of shredded sea eel soup and fried abalone, U.S. Trade Representative William Brock and Minister of Trade Rokusuke Tanaka began moving toward an agreement.

Brock warned the Japanese that if they did not take action themselves, Congress would almost certainly impose formal import quotas. Tanaka at first proposed a one-year reduction of auto exports from last year's 1.82 million to 1.7 million. Finally, Brock accepted a limit of 1.68 million vehicles annually for two years, ending in March 1983. If U.S auto sales pick up during the second year of the agreement, Japan will be able to boost exports by 16.7% of the amount of the increase. The number of imports allowed in during the third year was left open for future discussion.

Japanese automakers immediately protested the agreement. Nissan Motor President Takashi Ishihara, whose firm makes Datsuns, said he feared that it would "cast dark shadows on the system of free trade around the world." Toyota President Eiji Toyoda said he was "greatly disappointed."

But President Reagan was "pleased" with the plan, and a Senate bill to legislate a limit on imports was withdrawn. Said GM Chairman Roger Smith: "I think it is good news." Less pleased will be U.S. car buyers. The agreement seems destined to make Japanese cars sharply more expensive and also enable U.S. automakers to boost their prices.

Although GM last week reported a $190 million profit for the first three months of the year, Ford announced a $439 million loss, and Chrysler was $298 million in the red during the same period. At tiny American Motors, unit sales slipped 31%, and the company lost $53 million. The rebates that all the automakers offered earlier this year helped sales, but cut sharply into profit margins.

The best way to rebuild profits is for Detroit to produce the kind of cars that the American public wants. GM's new J-cars, a line of front-wheel-drive small autos, represent the strongest effort yet to attack the successful Japanese models. Said Robert Lund, the general manager of GM's Chevrolet division: "We're tired of hearing about how the domestic auto industry let the Japanese take the subcompact business away from us. The whole Chevrolet organization is spoiling for a fight."

JIM QUIRK

Due out in 1982: General Motors' P-car during a hoodless test

The convertible returns: Chrysler's LeBaron is due next spring

Like the successful X-car series that GM launched in the spring of 1979, the J-cars (Chevrolet Cavalier, Pontiac J2000 and Cadillac Cimarron) are designed for the new era of scarce and expensive energy. The four-passenger subcompacts, which replace models like the Chevrolet Monza and Pontiac Sunbird, fall in size between the bigger X-cars and the smaller Chevrolet Chevette. Powered by four-cylinder engines, the new autos are expected to get about 26 m.p.g. in the city and 43 m.p.g. on the highway. While the economy and styling of the J-cars are appealing, the prices are likely to be shocking to buyers who have not recently been in an automobile showroom. The Cavalier will carry a base sticker price of about $7,000. The J2000 will cost several hundred dollars more.

The most startling version of the J-car is the Cadillac Cimarron. For years the Cadillac name has equated luxury with size, and buyers have spent $20,000 or more for opulent, lengthy Fleetwoods and Eldorados. The Cimarron represents a bold attempt to transfer that 78-year-old image to a car that is 4 ft. shorter than the now standard Cadillac and nearly the same size as a Toyota Celica. The mini-Caddie will carry the expected gewgaws and gimcracks, including electric remote-controlled side-view mirrors, an array of interior lamps and leather upholstery. But it will also have some unusual features for a Cadillac, like a tachometer, usually found only in sports cars. Price of the car: about $13,000.

The Cimarron represents a major gamble for Cadillac, which hopes to sell 30,000 of them in the first year. Asks one skeptical competitor: "Can you hang a Cadillac name plate on something as thinly veiled as the Cimarron? I doubt it." The new model is designed to appeal mainly to a new Cadillac customer: well-heeled younger drivers who can afford a $12,900 BMW 320i or an $11,100 Audi 4000. But will a sports sedan customer be attracted to a car that has traditionally been synonymous with conspicuous consumption? And will he pay several thousand dollars more for a Cadillac than for a similarly equipped Pontiac J2000 that is built in the same plant? Admits one GM executive: "It will be a real test for the Cadillac name plate."

Neither Ford nor Chrysler will be coming out this spring with a totally new line to match the GM J-cars, but both companies are introducing sporty versions of existing front-wheel-drive subcompacts. Ford has launched its first two-seater models since the 1957 Thunderbird: the Ford EXP and the Mercury LN7. The cars are smartly designed versions of the successful Ford Escort and Mercury Lynx, which were introduced last fall. Though they have a Government fuel-economy rating of 29 m.p.g. in city driving, the anemic performance of their 1.6-liter engine is hardly up to sports car traditions. The EXP's base sticker price is $7,253.

Later this month Chrysler will introduce more new sporty versions of its Dodge Omni and Plymouth Horizon models: the Dodge Charger and the Plymouth Turismo. Both use a K-car 2.2-liter engine that sacrifices some fuel economy (city rating: 25 m.p.g.) in order to provide neck-snapping acceleration. The base price: $6,488. Chrysler is hoping that the J-cars will create buyer interest and more traffic in its own showrooms. Says Harold Sperlich, president of North American automotive operations at Chrysler: "When GM comes out with a new product, it gets people to come out to shop and compare. We'll trade on that."

Meanwhile, back at the test track, the automakers are developing still newer and more fuel-efficient models. GM, the first company to begin making smaller cars, will continue to lead the industry in new products through the early 1980s. Next fall it will introduce the new intermediate-size Chevrolet Celebrity, Pontiac A6000, Buick Century and Oldsmobile Cierra. One size larger than the X-cars, these front-wheel-drive models will eventually replace rear-wheel-drive cars like the Chevrolet Malibu. In about a year GM expects to launch its radically designed two-seater P-car.

Ford, which has been the laggard in the move toward smaller cars, is gradually changing over its fleet. This fall a second-generation slimmed-down Lincoln Continental will be introduced. Ford, though, is reluctant to follow Cadillac and produce a truly small luxury car. Says Executive Vice President Louis Ross: "We have difficulty with downsizing for the luxury car buyer." In the spring of 1983 the Ford Fairmont will be replaced by a front-wheel-drive compact that is code-named Topaz.

The next models at Chrysler will mostly be modifications of the company's K-cars. This fall a plusher version of the K-car will be out and will carry the Chrysler LeBaron name plate. Arriving next spring will be a convertible model of the LeBaron. This will be the first convertible built by Detroit since production of the Cadillac Eldorado was stopped in 1976. Cost of the new car: about $14,000.

As Detroit's fuel-efficient models continue to move from drawing board to test track to main street, the old gas guzzlers that carried more than a generation of Americans to work, shopping centers or school are slowly fading into history. A week ago, the last of Chrysler's rear-wheel-drive cars to be built in the U.S., an old model LeBaron, rolled off the assembly line at the firm's plant in St. Louis. This summer when the factory reopens, workers will produce a new version of the K-car. *—By Alexander Taylor. Reported by S. Chang/Tokyo and Barrett Seaman/Detroit*

The automaker atop his $25,000 stainless-steel roadster with gull-wing doors

Debut of the De Lorean

John Z. De Lorean, 56, has been audacious enough—many would say foolhardy—to attempt what no American has done since Walter Chrysler opened his first assembly line in 1925: launch a successful new mass-production auto company. The De Lorean is a low-riding, two-seat sports car that seems more suitable for Monte Carlo than Main Street. Two of the vehicle's distinctive features: a brushed stainless-steel finish expected to be rustproof for at least 25 years and unusual gull-wing doors that open up instead of swinging out and make it simple for someone as lanky as the 6-ft. 4-in. De Lorean to nestle into the plush leather seats. The car's price tag: $25,000.

De Lorean still exudes the brash self-assurance he displayed in 1973, when he walked out of a $650,000-a-year executive post at staid General Motors to create his own auto company. To finance his factory, he approached rival governments like a baseball free agent dickering with club owners. The U.S. Government offered him $65 million in loan guarantees if his plant were built in Puerto Rico, but De Lorean took $114 million in loans and grants from Britain to make his cars near economically depressed Belfast in Northern Ireland.

The first shipload of De Loreans is due to arrive next week at Long Beach, Calif. More than 10,000 people have put down as much as $2,000 for options to buy the car, and De Lorean is confident that the high sticker price will not scare away customers. Says he: "Our buyer is someone in the $70,000-a-year income bracket or over, and he is pretty much unaffected by minor economic travails."

Easing the Tax Squeeze on Savers

It needs to be done, but the question is how

Has inflation turned the U.S. into a nation of spendthrifts? And if so, is the tax-cut package that Ronald Reagan has placed before Congress the proper medicine to cure America's wastrel malaise? Those are some of the questions Congress now faces as it passes judgment on President Reagan's economic program.

Economists generally agree that the level of savings in the U.S. is now too low. Greater savings would provide needed capital for firms to modernize equipment or build new plants. That would both help fight inflation and make American products more competitive in world trade. But as inflation has roared ahead in recent years, consumers have chosen to spend money on products that they believe will shortly be more expensive rather than save funds that will soon have less buying power. In 1975 Americans salted away 8.6% of their earnings in bank accounts, pension funds, stocks, bonds or other savings. Now they put aside only 4.7% of earnings. Savings have also been discouraged because as much as 70% of interest earned on investments can be taxed away by the Government.

Americans both save less and are taxed more on their investment income than are citizens of most other advanced countries. The savings rate in West Germany, for example, is 13.5%, while in Japan it is 19.5%. The nation with the highest level of savings is Italy, where 24.5% of earnings go into investment. A study published earlier this year by the accounting firm of Price Waterhouse showed that the tax rate on savings in the U.S. is the second highest among leading industrial nations, after Sweden. In the middle-income brackets, the U.S. rate is often about twice that paid on investment income in Britain or Japan. In West Germany and France, an investor usually pays no taxes at all on interest and can even receive a small tax credit that may be used against his regular income.

Just as important as the amount of a country's savings is the composition of savings. Money invested in a house is good for the housing industry, but it does not do much to improve productivity. Such currently fashionable investments as Krugerrands, rare stamps and antiques provide no benefits at all for economic growth. By contrast, money put in a stock, bond or bank account swells the pool of financial capital available to business. As investment money becomes more plentiful, interest rates decline, investment picks up and real wealth begins to increase for the nation as a whole.

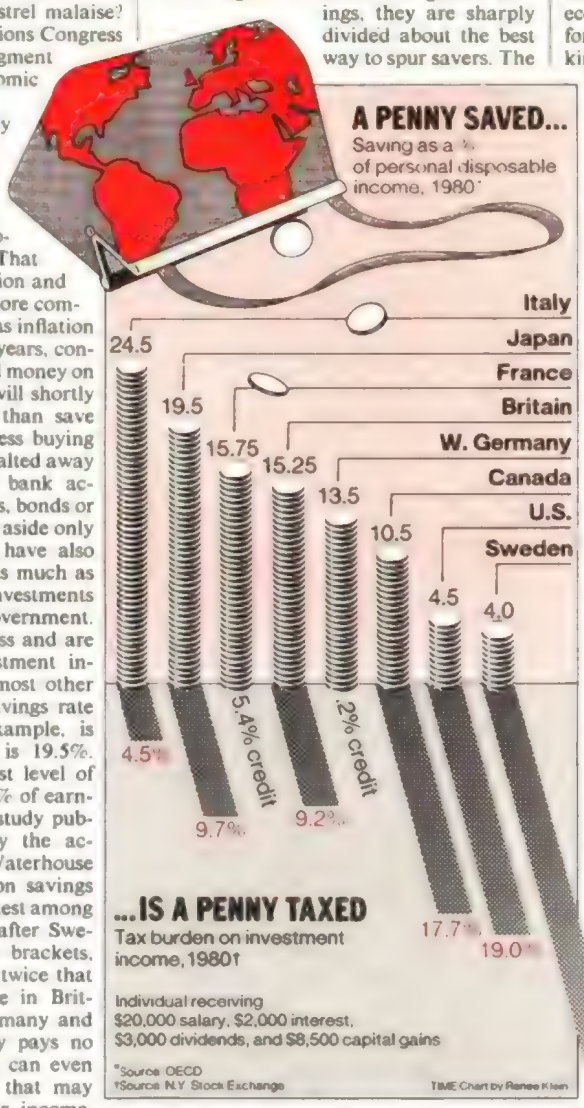
Although most economists and politicians agree on the need for greater savings, they are sharply divided about the best way to spur savers. The Reagan Administration has made the Kemp-Roth bill, which would cut personal income tax rates by 30% over the next three years, the basis for its tax bill. Pointing to the experience after the two-year, 18% reduction in income tax rates during the mid-1960s, when the savings rate rose from 5.4% to 8.1%, the Reaganauts argue that Americans would put a large amount of the money from any tax cut into savings. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan points to a new survey by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce that shows that 82% of taxpayers would use at least some of the money from a tax reduction either for savings or to repay debts. Many of those polled said they would save at least half the money.

Critics of the Reagan proposal, however, doubt that this would occur. They argue that consumers are more likely to spend the money provided by the tax cut, thus encouraging more demand in the economy and fueling inflation. Says Stanford University Economist Michael Boskin, one of the earliest supporters of supply-side economics: "The President's tax cut will simply not have a large impact on savings. The bulk of the effect will be to increase spending." Adds Democratic Economist Lester Thurow of M.I.T.: "The Reagan tax cut is simply not supply-side economics. Only about 6% of it would be saved at all, and we simply cannot afford to waste $94 out of every $100."

Many economists are urging a package of more precisely focused tax changes that would give direct incentives to savers. There are now more than 100 different bills before Congress that are aimed at stimulating savings and investment. Some of the leading alternatives to the Reagan program:

Interest Exclusions. Beginning this year, Americans do not pay any tax on up to $200 per year ($400 for a joint tax return) on income from savings account interest and stock dividends. But much of such income is paid to people who already receive more than $200 in interest income yearly. To encourage these people to save more, bills in the House would exclude up to $10,000 of interest and dividend income for individuals and even unlimited amounts for elderly taxpayers. Senator Harrison Schmitt of New Mexico has introduced a bill that would exempt the first 25% of interest or dividend income up to $50,000 a year per taxpayer. That would cost the Treasury up to $26 billion in cumulative lost tax revenue by 1986 but might boost savings by about $27 billion.

Interest Tax Reductions. At present the maximum tax rate on earned income is 50%. But income from savings and investments can be taxed up to a maximum of 70% for people with taxable incomes of $108,300 a year. House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Dan Rostenkowski of Illinois has proposed reducing the maximum tax rate on investment income to the same 50% that applies to salary income. Several bills now in Congress recommend a so-called two-stack approach to the taxation of earned and unearned income: tax each at the prevailing rates for earned income.



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up to a top bracket of 50%. The net effect would be to lower the tax on investment income sharply, but at a cost to the Treasury of $17 billion.

Interest Tax Deferrals. At present, self-employed taxpayers who want to set up a retirement pension fund can put as much as 15% of earned income, up to a maximum of $7,500 yearly, into a tax-free savings account. Individual Retirement Accounts, or IRAs, offer a more modest $1,500 yearly in tax-deferred savings for workers employed by firms that do not have their own pension programs. Congress is now looking into ways to broaden the tax-free accounts or make them available to more people. Bills would eliminate the 15% ceiling, lift the maximum amount to $15,000 yearly and open accounts to taxpayers already covered by pension plans. Variations would allow tax-deferred accounts for contributions to pay for a child's education, or to buy a first house. Senator John Chafee of Rhode Island proposes a super-account for retirement, housing and education all rolled into one. Cost: $2.8 billion in the first year.

The Reagan Administration opposes these specifically targeted savings incentive proposals on the grounds that they would create distortions by giving incentives to some sectors of the economy and not to others. Said Assistant Treasury Secretary for Economic Policy Paul Roberts: "Our approach does not introduce the distortions that targeted schemes create. Any economic group that is left out would be penalized, whereas those that get included would benefit unfairly."

No matter what the ultimate shape of a plan to spur savers, there seems little doubt that the tax bill will cost the Treasury more in lost revenue than the U.S. would gain in increased savings, at least for the first couple of years. Yet it is equally clear that some sort of income tax cut is essential, no matter how much it costs at the start. The economy is now groaning under the heaviest peacetime tax burden in history, and a return to sustained growth seems impossible if the burden continues to mount.

Social Security taxes have already risen 34% since 1979 and will increase 49% more in the next three years. Meanwhile, taxpayers are being hurt by so-called bracket creep, which keeps pushing them into higher tax categories as their inflation-bloated paychecks increase. Without a reduction in those rates, millions may soon find themselves paying the top 50% rate, which was originally intended for only the nation's wealthiest taxpayers. Congressional leaders and the Administration need to find a plan that will both lessen the tax burden and improve the climate for savings in the U.S. —*By Christopher Byron. Reported by Gisela Bolte/Washington, with other U.S. bureaus*

Saudi Jackpot

Red Blount's $1.7 billion deal

In the big-rig world of heavy construction, no one thinks bigger than a country boy from Alabama named Winton ("Red") Blount. Just after World War II, he was building fishponds in the rural South. Now he is preparing to erect an immense desert campus in Saudi Arabia that will sprawl across an area the size of 109 football fields. In partnership with the French firm Bouygues, Blount Inc., of Montgomery, Ala. (fiscal 1981 sales: $651 million), has captured a coveted $1.7 billion contract to build Saudi Arabia's new University of Riyadh. Last week the first payment on the deal, a check for $343 million, was hand-carried from Riyadh to New York City.

The builder looks over his blueprints

A campus the size of 109 football fields

The project will include 17 major buildings housing a medical center, a 4 million-volume library and seven colleges where Saudis will study disciplines ranging from dentistry and engineering to agriculture and marketing. Blount's first task will be to build a mini-city, complete with shopping center and hospital, to support 8,000 construction workers drawn largely from Turkey, Pakistan, Korea and the Philippines.

This is the largest "fixed-price" construction agreement in history. Unless the Saudis change their specifications, they will pay no more than $1.7 billion, no matter what happens to the prices of labor, steel and concrete during the course of the 40-month project. In an era of runaway inflation, that was a risky deal, but it is one typical of Blount.

A native of Union Springs, Ala., Blount, 60, formed his company in 1946 after wartime service as a B-29 bomber pilot. Along with his brother Houston, who later left the business, he started by investing $28,000 to buy four Caterpillar earthmovers. Blount soon gained a national reputation for tackling jobs that were uniquely challenging and thus uncommonly profitable. Among his more memorable monuments: Kennedy Space Center's Launch Site 39A—from which the space shuttle *Columbia* took off, an underground convention center in Cleveland, atomic research laboratories at Oak Ridge, Tenn., and the Government's maximum-security prison in Marion, Ill., which replaced Alcatraz. Says Blount: "Those were the kinds of jobs we liked —complex, difficult and often one of a kind." Blount's willingness to sign contracts on a fixed-price basis, rather than on the usual cost-plus condition, attracted scores of inflation-wary customers.

The construction projects generously support Blount's Old South life-style. His version of Scarlett O'Hara's Tara is Wynfield, a rambling 140-acre estate near Montgomery, complete with a 19-room Georgian mansion, a swimming pool, stables and magnolia trees. The bright red hair that earned him the nickname of his youth is now sparse and streaked with gray, but the strapping, 6-ft. 2-in. Blount keeps trim with frequent tennis matches and ski trips to Vail, Colo. On jaunts to visit construction sites around the U.S. he sometimes personally pilots one of his company's three de Havilland jets.

Blount has sporadically pursued a much less successful political career. A longtime supporter of Richard Nixon, he was appointed Postmaster General in 1969 and used his business background to help convert the leviathan U.S. mail service into a nonpolitical, Government-owned corporation. In 1972 he made a quixotic attempt to unseat Alabama Senator John J. Sparkman, but garnered only 33% of the vote. Last year he was national campaign chairman for John Connally's aborted presidential bid.

While Blount has often left routine negotiations on construction contracts to lieutenants, he himself followed the mammoth Saudi project. He jetted to Riyadh more than 20 times over 18 months to work his Southern charm on the sheiks. After the deal was finally sealed, he said: "Darn if those Saudis aren't good traders. They've been bargaining for centuries. Of course, a country boy from Alabama can be a mighty good trader too." ■

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Michigan's Sudden Bonanza

Hunting for natural gas in Hemingway country

When it comes to oil gushers and drill rigs, thoughts of Michigan do not spring readily to mind. But perhaps they should. Like many other long-neglected sites in the U.S., Michigan has suddenly become a hot new oil and gas prospect in the current, highly heated search for additional sources of oil and gas.

Michigan is only one of many regions around the U.S. where geologists and petroleum engineers are on the prowl for fuel. In Arizona and Appalachia, in New York and North Carolina, wildcatters and exploration teams are in breakneck competition to cash in on the energy bonanza brought on by the ever escalating prices of both oil and natural gas. Last year domestic drilling surged by 22%. In March alone, 6,404 wells were dug in the U.S., 650 more than during the same month of the year before.

Just as economists have long predicted would happen, the decontrol of energy prices not only has made consumers more cautious about wasting precious fuel but has also spurred industry to search much harder for new supplies. At more than $4.30 per thousand cubic feet (as compared with $1.42 in 1974), natural gas prices have reached a level at which wildcatters can dig wells deeper than ever before and yet still turn a profit if a well proves productive.

Michigan, of course, is hardly another Saudi Arabia. A recent Government study pegs the state's overall oil and gas reserves at no more than about 2% of total U.S. reserves. Yet, as long as the U.S. continues to import more than one-third of its total oil needs, every bit of domestically drilled fuel counts. Says Sherwood Frezon, an official with the U.S. Geological Survey: "The country couldn't survive on the oil supplies of Michigan, but because there are places like Michigan, we can live a lot better."

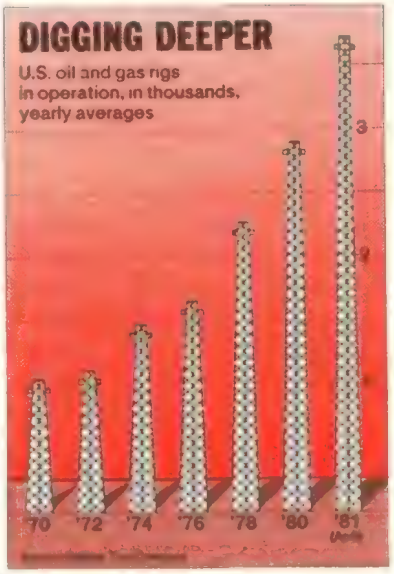
Oil and gas exploration is hardly new to Michigan. In the late 19th century, drillers flocked to the state from the crowded oilfields of Pennsylvania and Ohio, only to be lured away by far more promising discoveries in Oklahoma and Texas a few years later. But the discovery last September by Dart Energy Corp. and PPG Industries Inc. of a natural gas deposit near Falmouth that energy experts estimate will produce more than 12 million cu. ft. of gas a day has brought wildcatters streaming back.

Much of the action is concentrated in the low-lying forests and farm land that stretch out south of Cheboygan. Ernest Hemingway set some of the action for his Nick Adams stories in this area. Noted until now for little more than its austere beauty and fine lake fishing, the region these days features increasingly frequent sightings of Texas and Oklahoma oilmen in boots and cowboy hats, and New York and Dallas bankers in Brooks Brothers suits. "I don't think anyone is being too optimistic," says the state's Lieutenant Governor, James Brickley. "I find oil people generally to be cautious. But there is definitely an optimism here."

The artifacts of power and prestige in the Oil Game are also beginning to turn up. Three weeks ago, 230 oil- and gasmen, Detroit business executives, out-of-state bankers and local farmers gathered at the Holiday Inn in Houghton Lake to celebrate, with a Southern-style pig roast, the start of drilling in a gas well that may go as deep as 20,000 ft., or almost twice the depth of any other well sunk so far in the state. Meanwhile, the corporate jets that brought them to Houghton Lake waited wingtip to wingtip at nearby Grayling McNamara Airport to whisk them back out again at nightfall.

Modest amounts of oil and gas have been produced in Michigan since 1925, but oil experts are reluctant to speculate about how much production is likely to increase in the years ahead. Nonetheless, big multinational oil companies, such as Shell and Standard Oil of Indiana, which have virtually carpeted the more than 80,000-acre Pigeon River Country State Forest with exploration and drilling leases, are competing furiously for mineral rights throughout the region. Recently, the Hunt Energy Corp. of Dallas announced plans to spend $75 million for exploration work in the state as well. Meanwhile, Wall Street analysts are now beginning to keep an eye on the growth prospects of other and smaller oil and gas firms that are starting to position themselves in the region.

Neil and Alice Doornbos with their backyard gas well near Falmouth



So far, the prime beneficiaries of the energy boom are the area's farmers. Neil Doornbos, 85, and his wife Alice, 81, retired from farming in 1954. Their land, though, is only a mile north of the site of last September's gas discovery, so a 17-story rig is now pushing a drilling bit deep into a cornfield 150 yds. beyond their back door. If the drillers strike it rich, so will Neil and Alice; the couple will get a one-sixteenth share of the production. —*By Christopher Byron. Reported by David S. Jackson/Houghton Lake and Gary Lee/Washington*

Creative Fiction

A rampage of résumé fraud

The candidate for an $80,000-a-year financial job in Chicago sheepishly admitted that he has been listing nonexistent bachelor's and graduate degrees on his résumé for 20 years. A man seeking a position with a Texas-based airline was caught inflating his previous position and salary with another airline and neglecting to mention that his current employer had given him two weeks to find a new job.

Unusual cases? Hardly. Employers report that fraudulent resumés have become widespread in U.S. business. Says William Lewis, president of Career Blazers, one of New York's largest employment agencies: "Up to 40% of all résumés do not accurately portray what an individual has achieved."

An eye-catching summary of educational and professional experience is often a ticket to career advancement. Says Corporate Recruiter William Bowen, head of Bowen and Berndt in Lexington, Mass.: "The person who falsifies information stands a better chance of getting job interviews and potentially getting the job."

Only a few companies check job seekers with anything like the thoroughness of the FBI. One is Coca-Cola, which may spend up to six months examining all the college and occupational data submitted by an applicant. Most other firms use more informal, and often inadequate methods. They depend primarily on the savvy of executives doing job interviews or the corporate personnel department, to catch cheaters. Polaroid verifies college

claims only for recent graduates. A personnel director, Donald Fronzaglia, insists that few people can bluff their way into the company's high-technology jobs.

Oddly, the discovery of a faked résumé does not always hurt an applicant. A Texas electronics firm recently hired a Georgia executive who falsely claimed degrees from Georgia Tech and the Harvard Business School. Asks John Kelly, personnel director of Tenneco, a Houston-based oil company: "What do you do when someone is doing a good job and you've found a fabrication? If he is finding oil, do you fire him?"

Raymond Matzker, the $42,000-a-year director of a Wisconsin mental health institute, was not so fortunate. He lost his job last January after it was discovered that he had taken the name, Social Security number and educational background of a college acquaintance. One job candidate got in trouble because of the bad judgment used by an executive placement firm he hired. A cover letter that accompanied the résumé of Dennis C. Revell claimed that he "is a litigator who makes an excellent presentation and is engaged to be married to President Reagan's daughter Maureen." Although the marriage took place as promised last month, the cover letter failed to mention that Revell had not passed one part of his California bar exam and is not licensed to practice law. Revell has dismissed the Keith Management Co., which prepared the letter. Said Preston Keith, the agency president: "I do what is appropriate to get the individual an interview." Keith added that such practices are now commonplace. ■

Milestones

DIED. Jim Davis, 67, gruff, rangy character actor who played Jock Ewing, the oil-baron patriarch on TV's top-rated *Dallas;* after surgery for a perforated ulcer in Los Angeles, Calif. Davis, who worked as a circus tent rigger and construction laborer before catching on as a western type in Hollywood in the 1940s, was not in *Dallas'* final episode of the current season, which aired last week. There are no plans to recast Jock Ewing, who will be written out of the show before shooting for the new season begins this month.

DIED. Clifford Battles, 70, National Football League Hall of Famer who gained a total of 3,542 yds. in his six seasons (1932-38) as a halfback for the Boston Braves (later called the Boston Redskins, then the Washington Redskins) and who, in his team's divisional championship season of 1936, showed remarkable versatility by rushing 176 times for 614 yds., completing 18 passes for 242 yds., catching six passes for 103 yds. and scoring 42 points on six touchdowns; of heart disease; in Clearwater, Fla.

DIED. William Meiklejohn, 78, Hollywood talent agent who during his 60 years as a scout, first for vaudeville and later for Paramount Pictures, used his self-avowed "seventh sense" to discover and promote such stars as Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Lucille Ball and, in 1937, a young sportscaster in Des Moines named Ronald Reagan; after surgery for a perforated ulcer; in Burbank, Calif.

DIED. Mickey Walker, 79, the pugnacious "Toy Bulldog" who held the welterweight World Boxing Championship from 1922 to 1926, and went on to hold the middleweight title for five years before relinquishing it in 1931 to make an unsuccessful bid for the crown as a light heavyweight; of Parkinson's disease; in Freehold, N.J. A colorful, aggressive fighter who often took on bigger and heavier opponents, Walker scored 58 knockouts in a total of 148 bouts, winning an estimated $3 million over 17 years. After retiring from the ring in 1935, he took up painting, gaining some prominence as an American primitivist. "Physical expression belongs to youth," he once said. "Then the years go by. I found art—and expression—in colors."

DIED. Jules Stein, 85, ophthalmologist turned show business entrepreneur who as the founder and president of the Music Corporation of America guided its growth from a small band-booking agency into a billion-dollar entertainment empire; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles. Stein, who helped pay his way through medical school by playing violin and saxophone, started MCA in 1924 and eventually abandoned his medical career to lead the company's expansion during the 1930s and '40s into a national booking service for top bands and Hollywood stars. MCA became known as the "octopus" for its extensive holdings in the entertainment industry, which by the late '50s included Decca Records and Universal Pictures and Television. A noted philanthropist, Stein donated $19 million to help build five eye research centers and led a successful campaign to establish the federally administered National Eye Institute in 1968.

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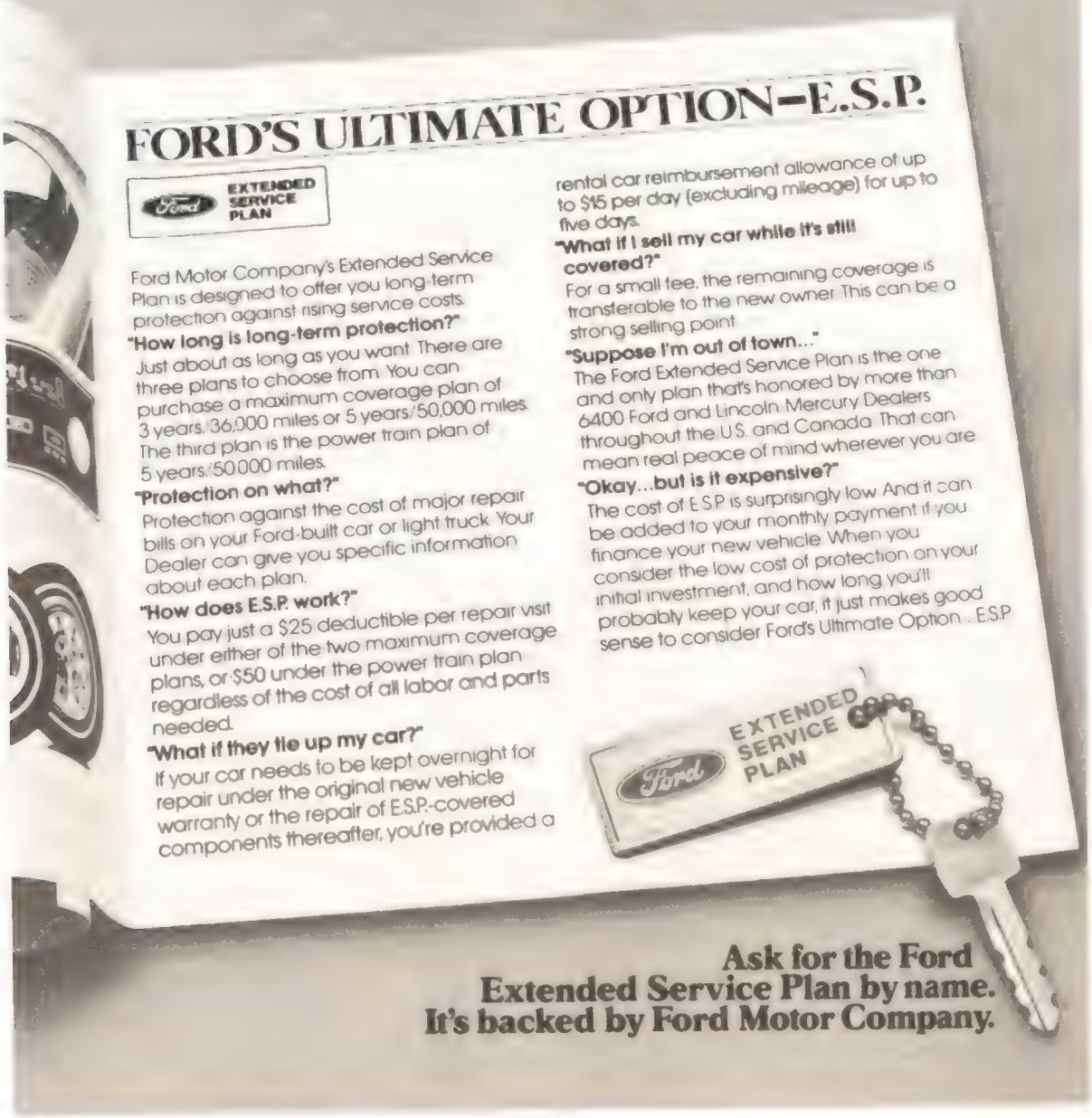

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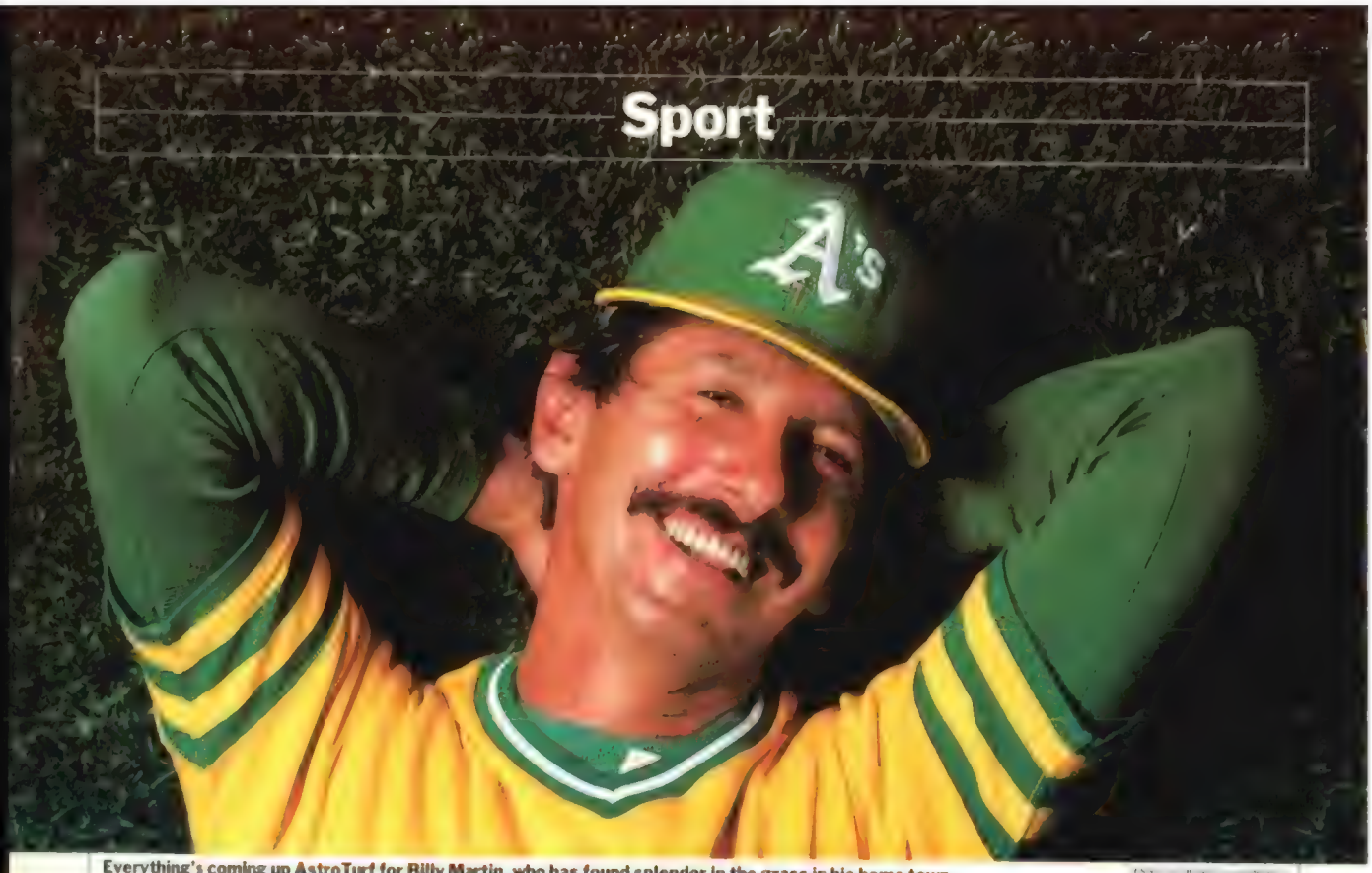


Everything's coming up AstroTurf for Billy Martin, who has found splendor in the grass in his home town

COVER STORY

Happy Playing Billyball

Oakland's A's are the smash hits of a season that has started with a bang

In the beginning, there was no baseball. But ever since, there have been few beginnings as good as the start of a new baseball season. It is the most splendid time in sport, in part because baseball is about the only sport left—now that football players report to training camp before the Fourth of July, and hockey players start skating in Indian summer—that still has a time and is true to it. The national pastime arrives with spring and holds almost as many promises. Veterans may hope for renewal of their glory, rookies for finding a place in that special sun, the big leagues. Every batter can expect to hit .300, every pitcher to win 20 games. Of course, springtime hopes die of heat exhaustion in August. The pitcher who has lost his stuff is unlikely to find it, and the lifetime .262 hitter will, in late summer, fight a slump to salvage .250. Last year's losers will probably be this year's as well.

But all that does not matter now. It is springtime. Indeed, it is one of the most special springtimes in memory, one that has offered astonishing achievements to savor—deeds both grand and humiliating. Baltimore's batting craftsman, Ken Singleton, went into May with a .471 average, 25 hits in 53 at bats, including at one point ten hits in a row. The average of Kansas City's George Brett, who chased .400 into the final week of the season last year: .208. The Houston Astros, with the National League's best pitching staff in 1980, managed to win just seven of their first 19 games in 1981, while giving up 50 runs. That was two more games than a pudgy 20-year-old marvel for the Los Angeles Dodgers, Fernando Valenzuela, won all by himself (*see box*). But then, Valenzuela gave up only one run in his 45 innings. His team won 14 of its first 19. Oh joy! Chicago's Cubs lost ten in a row. Oh boy!

But none of this compares with the feat of Oakland's incredible A's. They are launched upon a revival that is, in truth, a resurrection. They set a modern major-league record for consecutive victories at the start of the season: eleven straight.* They tied another record by winning a total of 18 games in April.

As April came to a close last week, Oakland players were at the top in nearly every category of baseball achievement. Pitcher Mike Norris was the American League's first five-game winner and Matt Keough was just behind him at 4-0. Keough also led the league in strikeouts (24), followed by Mike Norris (23). Leftfielder Rickey Henderson, who broke Ty Cobb's American League record for stolen bases last year with 100, was off to a swift beginning with 16 steals and led the league in runs scored with 21. Rightfielder Tony Armas topped three lists: home runs, 7; RBIs, 22; total bases, 56.

The Oakland pitching staff is baseball's best. The five starters (Norris, Langford, Keough, Steve McCatty, Brian Kingman) turned in 17 complete games in 21 starts—so many that the team's relievers worked a total of only 11⅓ innings. One forlorn reliever, Bob Owchinko, did not throw a single pitch that counted. The A's team earned-run average was a minuscule 1.89. Nobody scored more than four runs a game against them (their three losses were by scores of 3-2, 3-2 and 3-1) and

* The 1955 Dodgers, 1962 Pirates and 1966 Indians won ten in a row. Pittsburgh and Cleveland collapsed and finished off the pace. Brooklyn won the pennant by 13½ games.

A few of Martin's eager sluggers demonstrate the fine art of Billybrawl in a game with the California Angels

J. MEROFF—SYGMA

their opponents' batting average was .182.

Oakland's record would be impressive if it belonged to the 1927 New York Yankees. The astonishing truth is that it is held by virtually the same team that, two seasons ago, was the worst in baseball. But there is one huge difference, a stormy, unpredictable figure with fire in his eyes and victory on his mind, Alfred Manuel ("Billy") Martin.

In 1979 the A's won 54 games and lost 108. They were the tatterdemalion remains of Charlie Finley's once noble dynasty (World Series champions in 1972-74), and cheap enough to fit their owner's pinchpenny budget. The A's were not worth going to watch, and nobody did. The average attendance that year was 3,984. They were not even worth booing: when a player muffed a pop-up, the fans laughed instead

It was a sad end to one of baseball's most colorful and innovative franchises. Finley was one of the first proponents of the designated hitter. He tried out orange balls. He brought a mule into the ballpark as a mascot, installed a mechanical rabbit to bring baseballs to the umpire. He gave the game the garish doubleknit uniforms that became commonplace. He harassed his managers by telephoning strategy to the dugout, yet installed a 16-year-old fan as vice president. For all his buffoonery, Finley was as shrewd a judge of talent as any in the sport since Branch Rickey. Roll the names over in the mind: Jackson, Rudi, Bando, Hunter, Fingers, Blue. But he lost them all, and others, because he was unwilling to pay them well. Toward the end, he ordered that his players' half-fare airline coupons be collected as they stepped off the planes from road trips.

Finley tried to sell the team for years. The A's were all but moved to Denver in 1979 when a threatened lawsuit over Finley's lease with the Oakland–Alameda County Coliseum halted the sale. During that time, he ran the franchise down to the material left in his hardscrabble farm system and went through every manager out of captivity, some of them twice. Then, five months before he was to find a hometown buyer for his team, he brought in Billy Martin, a 51-year-old Bay Area boy, to manage his sinking ball club.

Martin walked into the clubhouse early in spring training 1980, looked his callow collection of players in the eye and, in a fiery oration, told them: "You are going to be winners. You're good enough to win and I'm going to show you how." What a joke. Only Billy Martin would have been crazy enough to believe it. But then, Billy Martin's entire life has flown in the face of the odds. Dad was a Portuguese fisherman from Hawaii, Mom an Italian from West Berkeley. His grandmother took one look at her daughter's newborn son and pronounced him *"bellissimo."* Though his ears and nose were huge for his head, the description stuck, and he became known as "Billy."

He grew up a tough kid in a tougher neighborhood during the Depression. The price of failure was written in defeated faces on the breadlines, so a boy learned to hate losing. He also learned to use his fists, especially when the kids called him by his other nickname, "Banana Nose." One day his mother heard that there might be another woman in her husband's life. Mrs. Joan Downey, now 79, recalls with undiminished pride: "I went over and beat the hell out of her. I came home, took all his clothes and threw them out on the street. Then I took a hand mirror and I broke every window in his car." His father drove off in what was left of it, never to return. She also says: "If I were manager, I'd be tougher than Billy, for Christ's sake."

Baseball in those days was a lot like the streets: survival required guile and a mean streak. A pitcher was not fined for throwing a brush-back then. Fights on the field and waist-high slides were common. It was the perfect game for a street fighter.

He learned from the oldtimers, going to workouts with players from the Class AAA Oakland Oaks when he was still in high school. Cookie Lavagetto, who had won fame as a Brooklyn Dodger, was his roommate when he joined the Oaks in 1948 and Casey Stengel was the manager. From them he learned to scratch the most from his rather limited skills. A year after Stengel went to the New York Yankees, he brought the brash kid up to the big team.

As a Yankee, Martin was a minor

Comebacker Matt Keough (4-0, 1.00 ERA)

Fastballer Mike Norris (5-0, 2.14)

Curveballer Rick Langford (3-1, 3.25)

light among some of baseball's greatest stars. Joe DiMaggio cheered him from the on-deck circle when he took his first major-league at bat. His roommates through the years were Yogi Berra, Phil Rizzuto, Mickey Mantle. "He wasn't a good player," recalls Mantle. "He had to hustle his ass off to stay on the team." Martin did become a good clutch player, a lifetime .257 hitter who came through when it counted: in five World Series, he averaged .333, winning the Series M.V.P. in 1953 after hitting .500.

More important, he sat at Stengel's side, learning the game from one of its managerial geniuses. Says Martin: "Stengel provided the psychology. [Dodger Manager] Charlie Dressen showed me brilliance. He didn't know how to communicate with people, though, and I learned from that too. [Yankee Coach] Frankie Crosetti was an astute observer of the game. He taught me how to act. Cookie Lavagetto gave me warmth. But I think I manage like I played."

The Yankees traded him in 1957 after a brawl at New York's Copacabana nightclub. His career rapidly declined, and he wandered through six teams in five years. Then Martin was hired by the Minnesota Twins as a coach in 1965 and became manager four years later.

In eleven years as a manager with five separate teams (Minnesota, Detroit, Texas, Yankees, Oakland), Martin has always improved his teams' fortunes. Indeed, he has taken faltering teams near the top wherever he has been. Then, inevitably, he would clash with the front office. Just as inevitably, his bosses answered his challenge by firing him. Tigers Hall of Fame Outfielder Al Kaline tries to explain Martin's kamikaze past: "I think it's his desire to win. He thinks he can do it better. He wants to give advice on the scouting, tell the minor league managers what to do, and he goes a little bit too far." Says Yankee Owner George Steinbrenner, whose differences with Martin constituted a four-year national soap opera until the two parted for good in 1979: "I'm happy he's in a situation now where he has complete latitude. That was never going to be the case with me." Counters Charlie Finley: "He's the best manager in baseball."

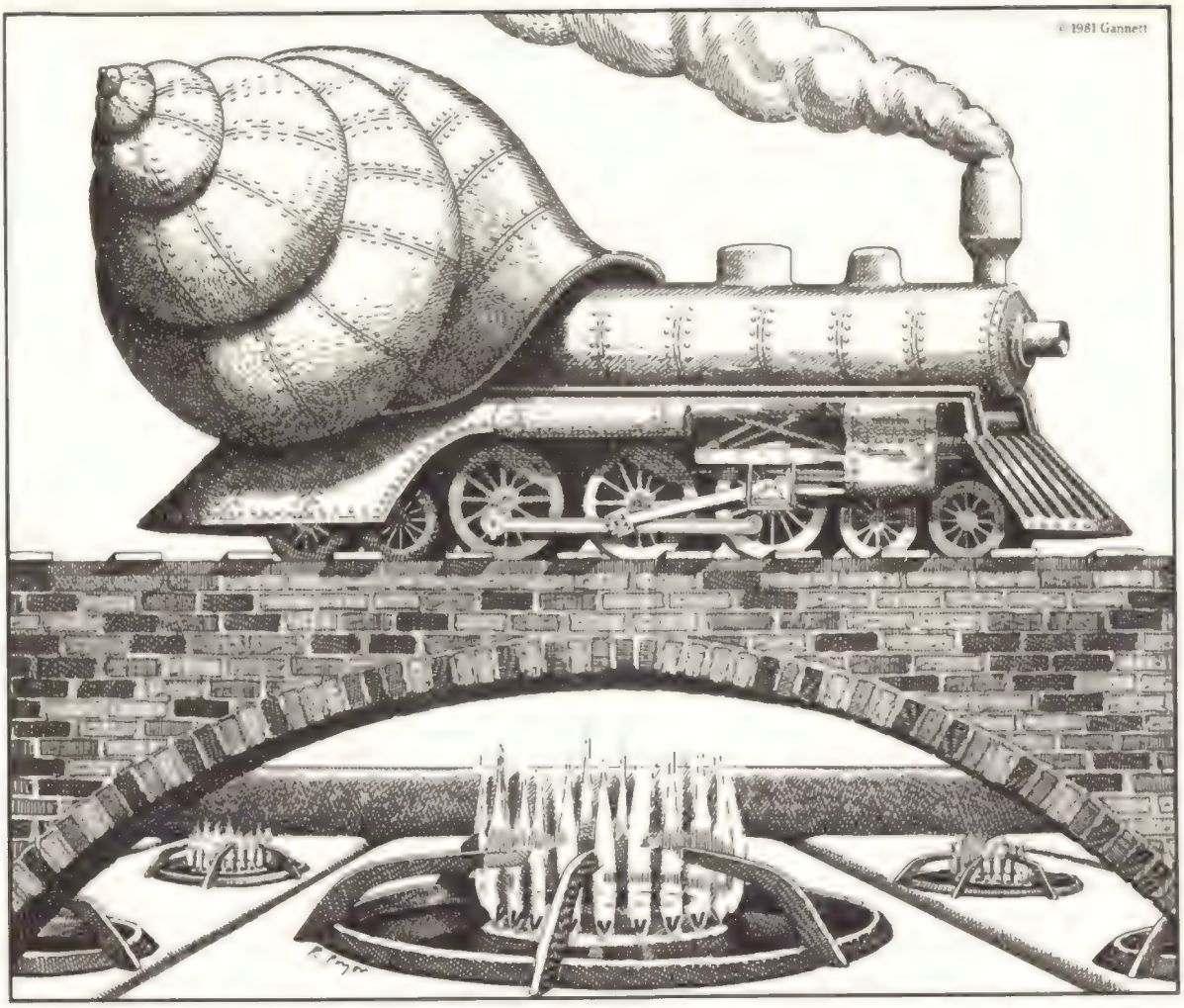
At 52, Martin shows the effects of his hard-hitting life. His face is weathered by time and his troubles. His most prominent features now are the eyes, darting to take in every scrap of action on the field. They are dark with haunted circles that reveal his anguished inability to give up on a game, even long after it has ended. As a manager, Martin does not go gently into the night: "When I leave here to drive home, I think about the game the whole way. When I drive in the next day, I'm still thinking about the game." His chief form of relaxation, however, is still a postgame drink. He keeps a chilled bottle of vodka in the refrigerator next to his desk.

Currently in the middle of divorce proceedings with his second wife, he has remained close to his daughter Kelly Ann, 29, and son Billy Joe, 17. There is another generation, a granddaughter Evie, 2. "She calls me 'Grandpa,'" Martin says with uncharacteristic softness.

Martin is a walking advertisement for

Rightfielder Tony Armas, league leader in RBIs

Leftfielder and Base Thief Rickey Henderson foiling a pickoff



LIGHTING A FIRE UNDER BUREAUCRACY

SHREVEPORT, La.—For years, residents of Alden Bridge, a small community near here, had been living without heat or paying high prices for butane. For some who existed on Social Security, the choice was heat or food.

Yet, a pipeline carrying cheaper natural gas lay just 2½ miles away.

Most residents of the area could not afford to pay their share of the cost to extend the pipeline. The efforts of officials to join public and private capital to do the job had bogged down in a mire of red tape and legalese at the state government level.

Then in January, 1980, The Shreveport Times ran a series by reporters Bobby Lamb and Alison Watson describing the plight of Alden Bridge. The newspaper began a series of editorials urging state approval of the financing plan. Within 30 days the approval came and the pipeline was completed last summer.

In mid-winter, 1981, The Shreveport Times reported that most of the houses in Alden Bridge were being heated with natural gas from the pipeline, at less than half the cost of the butane they used last year.

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his three western-wear boutiques—a sartorial taste acquired from that small-town Oklahoman, Mantle. Off duty, the manager sports hand-tooled lizard boots and wide-brimmed hats, making him the unlikeliest bandy-legged urban cowboy of them all. He lives quietly with a woman friend in an East Bay apartment. Nowadays, he spends less time in bars—and less time in fights. Martin has had his share of them. Outside a bar with one of his own players (Twins' Pitcher Dave Boswell, 1969), in a bar with a Reno sportswriter (1978), in a Bloomington, Minn., bar with a marshmallow salesman (1979), anywhere.

For now, at least, he fights only to win baseball games. In Oakland, where the dazed young players of that first spring training under Martin promptly soared to a 1980 record of 83 wins and 79 losses and finished second to the Kansas City Royals in the American League West, they call such on-field combativeness Billyball. (The club features the term in television commercials and commissioned a song about it, sung to the tune of the Coasters' 1959 hit, *Charlie Brown:* "It's sneaky, but it's fun/ Billyball . . .") But it is really just old-fashioned baseball the way a scrapper learned to play it. When talent is in short supply, be certain the fundamentals are sound: never miss a cutoff man, do not botch a rundown. If there is no home-run hitter in the lineup, maybe even steal home. If there are no hitters in the bottom half of the lineup, put on the double steal. Bunt to get on base. Hit behind the runner. Force the action. In short, simply manufacture something that you do not naturally deserve, that blessed thing—a run.

A typical Billyball rally does not rattle the fences, it sends dirt flying in the infield. In one game against Seattle, for example, Henderson led off the first inning with a walk, then stole second. An out and then he stole third. The pitcher, thoroughly rattled now, walked Designated Hitter Cliff Johnson, who, naturally, stole second. Both men scored on Catcher Mike Heath's single. The line score: two runs on one hit. (On opening day against Minnesota, Oakland even went so far as to pull off one of the oldest scams in baseball: the hidden ball trick.)

These were things that the A's, unevenly tutored by Finley's revolving-door managers, had not been able to do. After his opening exhortation last spring, Martin quickly saw how far his young charges had to go: "I kept saying to everybody that there's talent here, but they thought I was trying to put them on. I saw that they needed direction. They didn't know anything about baseball. Period. The outfielders weren't backing each other up. They didn't know how to line up for a relay or make a rundown. They didn't know how to bunt, or when." The teaching of a new style began.

Martin's most conspicuous success has been with his pitching staff. Finley had a collection of strong young arms, but they had been left to develop without guidance. Martin explains: "The pitchers didn't know how to pitch. They were all throwers. Consequently, they were all losers."

Martin's pitching coach and longtime drinking buddy Art Fowler smartened up the staff—and there have been charg-

Deliverance in Denim

"Big hats, no cattle," sighed Charlie Finley last year when he put the Oakland A's on the auction block after 20 years of stormy ownership. Finley was referring to the ensuing stampede of publicity-seeking, would-be buyers who did not have the scratch. But last November, Walter A. Haas Jr., 65, chairman of Levi Strauss & Co., rode to the rescue like a cowboy in copper-riveted jeans. Haas did not need a big hat: he had the cattle. Plopping down $12.7 million of the family fortune, he vowed, "We're going to do what we did with Levi's: quality product, concern for people, being part of the community and conducting business with integrity."

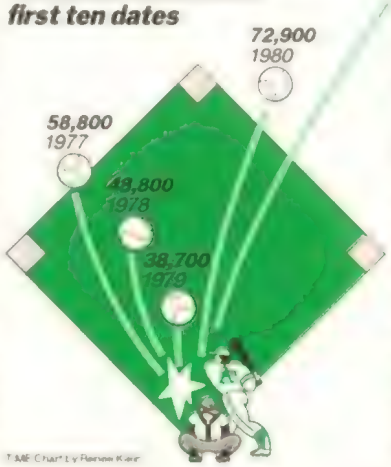
The great-grandnephew of the gold rush outfitter Levi Strauss, Haas built the jeans-making firm into a sportswear conglomerate that had $2.8 billion in sales last year. Haas, whose family is an anchor of Bay Area society, quietly serves on corporate and charity boards. In a limited partnership with Son Walter J., 30, and Son-in-Law Roy Eisenhardt, 42, he acquired a team that was a smouldering shambles. Finley lost or traded away its talent. The farm system had gone to seed. The Oakland–Alameda County Coliseum had fallen into such disrepair that the scoreboard did not always work, and functioning concession stands were hard to find. Last year the A's sold only 75 season tickets.

Enter Haas. The team payroll, formerly $1.3 million, one of the majors' lowest, has tripled to $3.8 million. The farm and scouting systems have also been infused with cash. The coliseum has received $1 million worth of lights, new seats and other renovations. The anemic public-address system is now an audio marvel. The left-field scoreboard even tells the score. The clubhouse was redecorated, a recreation room was added for the players, and Billy Martin's office was enlarged. He has a new color TV, a refrigerator and a dressing room as big as his old office. The A's flagging radio contract was sold by Eisenhardt to San Francisco–based KSFO and eight other area stations, and the 30-game television package will be renegotiated next season. The result of this greenback good will: by this week the club will have drawn more fans to the coliseum than it did in all of 1979. More than 3,000 season tickets have been sold. Said Martin, after signing a new five-year pact: "The only charter we had last year was a bus. The Haases are wonderful people."

When the elder Haas retires from Levi Strauss next year to indulge his passion for fly-fishing on Oregon streams, Eisenhardt, a Berkeley law professor before he became the team's president, will continue to reflect the family philosophy. Says he: "You wouldn't go into this as a business investment. You do it because you can get a lot of satisfaction out of it." His relationship with Martin is refreshingly tension-free, at least so far. Says Eisenhardt: "Billy is in charge of everything on the field. I'm in charge of everything that has to do with money. The system works very well."

Eisenhardt and the younger Haas, a former Levi Strauss Foundation officer who is the A's executive vice president, plan to install baseball's first computerized ticket-selling operation, with satellite terminals in San Francisco, Sacramento, San Jose, Fresno and Stockton to cope with the lengthening lines of excited fans. The executives also intend to get athletes involved in community projects, and, as the elder Haas dreams, "win the World Series." October is a long way off, but if the new owners keep their cattle rollin' and their hats on the rack, their phenomenal success with the A's just could be 100%, true blue denim.

A's home attendance first ten dates



es that he moistened them up as well. The A's remarkable pitching record, critics protest, has been aided by some slippery business. A team does not suddenly reduce its ERA from 4.74 in 1979 to a league-leading 3.46 last year, it is argued, without putting a little something extra on the ball. Claims Minnesota First Base Coach Karl Kuehl: "They're getting it off their foreheads and the umpires don't have the guts to do anything about it." One baseball insider asserts that Kuehl's charge is only half true. "Matt Keough keeps it in his glove. Mike Norris keeps it in his crotch. Steve McCatty and Rick Langford are the ones who keep it on their foreheads. It's grease, a salve. They all load the ball up and it makes them good. It helped turn them around in one year." Something turned Oakland's pitchers around. Keough went from 2-17 in 1979 to 16-13 last year.

The A's pitchers angrily deny any such scurrilous allegations. Charges Norris: "I wouldn't throw that pitch. I'd get kicked out of the game." McCatty: "They've never proven it and they never will." Keough: "How do they know?" Langford: "Accusations don't bother me. I don't throw one." The speculation, true or not, is just the kind of edge that Martin likes to exploit. Says he: "I love it. I hope they keep thinking we do it, because it screws them up, ruins their concentration." This year Martin introduced another ploy: white long-sleeved sweatshirts, which make it harder for opposing batters to see the ball. Martin: "If it will give me an advantage, I'll use it."

But guile and grease, relays and rundowns are only a part of a manager's game. More difficult is instilling in a pitcher the wholly implausible belief that he can throw a ball past a hitter, or to convince a batter that he can hit a ball traveling 90 m.p.h. A good manager can impart confidence in myriad ways: leaving a pitcher in the game to work his way out of trouble, letting a batter swing away on a 3-0 count, praising on the bench, and doing the dressing down in private. Says Baltimore's Earl Weaver, the winningest manager in baseball today: "If a person can get to the subconscious, then he is going to get a lot more adrenalin flowing or a lot more out of the human body than it might be capable of. I don't know if it is through actions or words or what, but Billy has the ability to pass that on to his players."

On the evidence of his past, Martin will, in the end, develop a love-hate relationship with the Oakland players who nearly worship him now. Says Texas Catcher Jim Sundberg: "He could chew you out one minute and build you up the next. He got so mad at me one game that he was going to send me to the minors. The next night he was telling me I was as good as Bill Dickey. He made losing absolutely miserable." New York's Graig Nettles, whom Martin managed in the minor leagues and at Minnesota: "Guys can go their whole career and not know what it takes to win. You learn that from Billy right off the bat." Kansas City's Larry Gura, an ex-Yankee, has another view: "I saw many players with ability sent down to the minors because Billy didn't like them."

Al Kaline perhaps comes closest to the truth: "One thing he does better than anybody is handle the little guys, the little second baseman or shortstop who doesn't hit much. He makes little guys feel better. He makes them play better. All the little guys get recognition playing for him."

Guys like Billy Martin. One of the paradoxes he took away from those Oakland streets was the conviction that he is a little guy, schemed against by owners and general managers, unjustly treated by umpires and fans. He is a vulnerable fall guy for every barroom bully. The smooth charmer who can be dangerous when he drinks. The profane martinet who always wears a gold cross on his cap ("I want kids to know I'm a Christian. Not a born-again Christian. I was baptized a Catholic"). Says Veteran Manager Bill Rigney: "He's always had to prove something to himself. He can snap like that. But that's the man. You get all of him when you get him."

He once explained his brutal beating of Dave Boswell: "I didn't want to hurt him, but when you're fighting a bigger man, the most important thing is to make sure he doesn't hurt you." Boswell is 6 ft. 3 in., but Martin stands a good 5 ft. 11½ in. himself. His genius as a manager may lie in a basic misperception of himself. He thinks he's 5 ft. 6 in., and he wants to be a big guy, a winner. So he will drive himself and his teams to any length to prove that they are not little guys.

That is what he has taken back to his home town. He has convinced an Oakland team without much of a bullpen and an infield so unimpressive that Martin must platoon eight players to fill four positions that they are world-beaters. He has taught his young players, some of whom have to wrap bubble gum around their chaw of tobacco, a few old-fashioned, spit-in-your-eye baseball tricks and set them to thinking of a championship. The A's victories have come at the expense of relatively weak opponents, though by week's end they had defeated the mighty Yankees twice and raised their record to 20-3. Still, it is, as they say, a long, long way from May to September, and Martin's prodigies may not be able to keep up the pace. They dismiss such doubts, insisting that their strength—mastery of the game's fundamentals—is the most durable of all assets. He has also brought them the swagger of a man whose playing days were spent with immortals and who has managed teams to four division titles, two American League pennants and one World Championship. Says Third Baseman Gross: "The first thing he did was give us credibility with his record and reputation."

And, lest they forget, he taught them how to fight. The A's also lead the league this season in brouhahas, having participated in three bench-clearing brawls already. There were two dustups with the Seattle Mariners—not to mention Martin's catching their groundkeepers marking off oversize batters' boxes in hopes of gaining an advantage against Oakland's curveball pitchers. The most recent fight, a free-for-all with the California Angels last week, was a rarity in baseball battles: it had a second round. Not satisfied with the eighth-inning on-field action (in which Angels Catcher Ed Ott's spikes sliced through Martin's shoe), the players went at it again in the tunnel beneath the stands when the game was over. Martin ended up holding California Pitching Coach Tom Morgan by the throat and shoving his head against the wall.

California Manager Jim Fregosi pulled the two apart. "Jimmy did right," a briefly chastened Martin said later. "Coaches shouldn't fight. There's no excuse for it." A pause, and then a look of relish. "I was gonna punch Morgan out." Did you hear that, Oakland? Billy's back. The demons that have always driven him have not been stilled. May the Lord have mercy on the big guys, wherever they are. *—By B.J. Phillips. Reported by Edward I. Adler/New York and Paul A. Witteman/Oakland*

MICHAEL ZAGARIS

New owners Haas, right, and Eisenhardt survey a spruced-up coliseum

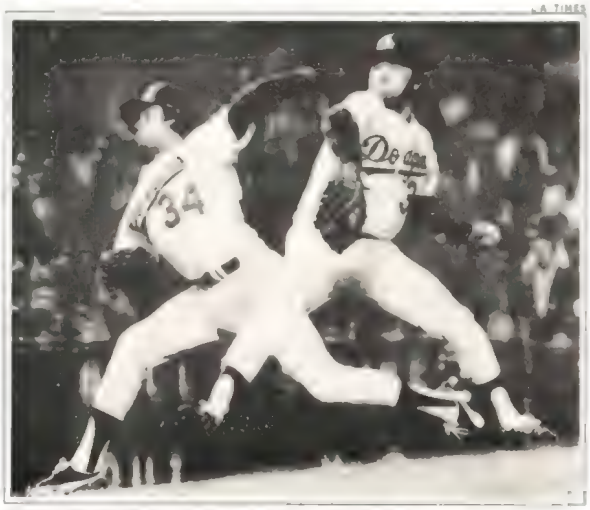
Riding to the rescue like cowboys in copper-riveted jeans.

Fernando the Bull

He is an unlikely-looking athlete—long, wild hair tucked under blue Dodger cap, bulging stomach barely tucked into blue Dodger jacket. In repose he looks lumpy and cuddly, like the Pillsbury Doughboy. On the mound he looks like the best young pitcher ever to reach the major leagues

Fernando Valenzuela, 20, veteran of seven weeks in the majors, is the pitching sensation of the new season. To the astonishment of fans and players alike, he is already being compared with the best who ever played, including Sandy Koufax, Carl Hubbell and Bob Gibson. Former Dodger Ace Don Newcombe can hardly believe his eyes: "I've been around baseball for 40 years, and I've never seen anything like this. Right now Fernando is the best thing in baseball."

Not bad for a shy Mexican boy who came up to the Dodgers late last season knowing no English. In the heat of the pennant race, he was 2-0 in relief, giving up no runs in ten appearances. This spring he has been even better: five starts, five wins, four shutouts. Rookie pitchers have started big before: Dave ("Boo") Ferriss was 8-0 in 1945, and Mark Fidrych was 9-1 in 1976. But none has shown such mastery of his craft. Valenzuela gave up only one earned run in his first 62⅔ major league innings. Except for that run, scored on a single by the Giants' Enos Cabell on April 14, the rookie would have broken Don Drysdale's all-time record of 58⅔ scoreless innings, and all before he was old enough to buy a legal drink in California. Says Cabell: "He doesn't make mistakes. He hardly ever misses with his fastball. It's either just on the corner or just off the corner of the plate."



L.A. TIMES

Dodger Rookie Fernando Valenzuela makes batters see double

Fernando the Bull, as Dodger V.P. Al Campanis calls him, throws a surprising array of pitches with pinpoint control: an excellent curve, an adequate-to-good fastball, a so-so slider and a stunning screwball delivered at two different speeds. The screwball, once known as a reverse curve, is tough to hit, tough to throw. Only 20 or so big-league pitchers have a decent one, and none are very young. Says Giants Manager Frank Robinson: "If I hadn't seen him before, I'd say he was about 35 and had been pitching his screwball between ten and 15 years." Carl Hubbell, the greatest of all screwball pitchers, took six years to learn how to throw it. Valenzuela, after lessons from Dodger Reliever Robert Castillo at an Arizona instructional camp in 1979, mastered the pitch in less than a year. Hubbell's conclusion: "It's the best screwball since mine."

Dodger fans are similarly impressed. At each home game, Valenzuela receives several standing ovations. The scoreboard flashes OLE, the men shout, the women sigh. In the ninth inning of a game last week, a young female ran to the mound and planted a kiss on her hero. He said just the right thing: "There was nothing I could do, because I have a girlfriend in Mexico." Valenzuela is already a legend in Los Angeles' huge Mexican-American community, and a hero to the entire city. The Los Angeles *Times* ran a sober editorial warning fans that the pitcher may well lose a game some day. The rival *Herald Examiner* announced a contest to pick a nickname worthy enough for him.

Baseball owners elsewhere are drooling: Valenzuela is already a big enough draw to add perhaps 15,000 fans to a crowd. His agent, Antonio DeMarco, has been busy shooing away offers to endorse everything from soft drinks to airlines. "Right now, he's going to dedicate himself to baseball," says DeMarco. His client will never endorse beer or cigarettes, he adds, only wholesome products. "What Disney stands for in pictures," he says, "Fernando will like."

Fernando grew up in a four-room house in the village of Etchhuaquila (pop. 150), the youngest of twelve children in a poor farming family. At 13 he played in pickup games chock full of Valenzuelas: six older brothers, who at first refused to let him pitch because he was too small. He left high school after a year and was spotted by Dodger Scout Mike Brito pitching in the Mexican Rookie League at 17. In 1979 the Dodgers, a half step ahead of the Yankees, bought his contract for $120,000. Last year he was 13-9 for San Antonio in the Texas League, finishing with seven straight wins and 35 scoreless innings.

The Dodgers brought him up in the middle of a tight pennant race for one reason: he seemed unflappable—teammates suspect he does not even sweat on the mound. Yet for all his cool, Valenzuela seems to have the fierce competitive instinct necessary to dominate big-league batters. "I've always had confidence in myself," he says. "I'm confident that I will eliminate the batter with the pitch I choose to throw. I like the responsibility it takes to be a pitcher." There is, in fact, something of the matador about his style. "He was so relaxed out there," Dodger Pitcher Terry Forster said of a recent Valenzuela performance, "that he seemed to be laughing at them, telling them that they couldn't score."

Though Valenzuela is sometimes portrayed as a Mexican hayseed, there is little doubt that he has a shrewd baseball mind. He remembers with unfailing precision what pitches got batters out. He is also an agile fielder and—of all things—a hitter. He is so good with a bat that some have compared him with another hitting pitcher who arrived in the majors at age 19: Babe Ruth. Valenzuela drove in the only run in his 1-0 win over Houston, and currently leads all Dodgers in hitting with a .438 average. Only his base running, a sort of accelerated waddle, is flawed. After being thrown out at home against San Francisco, he conceded with a boyish grin: "I'll have to improve my running."

Otherwise the only problem Valenzuela has now is the pressure created by sudden fame. He is a heavy favorite to be the third straight Dodger pitcher to be Rookie of the Year, after Rick Sutcliffe and Steve Howe. For that matter, some of his fans will be disappointed if he does not make it all the way to the Hall of Fame by, say, October. Still, today's phenom can be tomorrow's hard-luck story. Mark Fidrych, who dominated baseball news as a rookie in 1976, faded fast with injuries and won only nine games over the past four seasons. Last month, as Valenzuela became the Fidrych of 1981, Fidrych himself was quietly dropped by the Tigers, his career apparently over. —*By John Leo. Reported by Michael Moritz/Los Angeles*

You Can Look It Up

It's the year of the streak: eleven straight wins for the A's, eight straight for Whitey Herzog's St. Louis Cardinals, off to their best start in 35 years, and six in a row for the ever underprivileged White Sox, who have just added three certified all-stars—Ron Le Flore, Carlton Fisk and Greg Luzinski—to an all-pitch, no-hit team. Kansas City, the loser in last fall's World Series, is in last place in the American League West, and an aging Los Angeles Dodger team that had the experts shaking their heads in the off season jumped out to a 14-5 record, the best spring since the team left Brooklyn 24 years ago.

Sparky Anderson's Detroit Tigers lost ten consecutive games. The hapless Chicago Cubs dropped twelve in a row before slipping and defeating the Cardinals 6-1. Some diehard Cub supporters have had enough. During the streak, a contingent of fans showed up at Wrigley Field wearing paper bags over their heads, and another group wore disguises. "We're too embarrassed to show our faces," said Disc Jockey Bob Del Giorno from behind a fake nose and eyeglasses. Season Ticket Holder Al Bernstein, however, is one of the many who declined to join the covered-face revolt. "People are coming here to sit in beautiful Wrigley Field and just relax," he said. "What's happening on the field has become incidental."

Ken Singleton of the Orioles made ten straight hits, and the Dodgers' Davey Lopes made 25 straight outs. Tommy Herr of the Cardinals tripled in four games in a row, and Chet Lemon of the White Sox managed to get hit by pitches three times in his first three games. The Orioles beat the Blue Jays for the 17th time in a row at Baltimore's Memorial Stadium. Seattle's Mike Parrott pitched his 18th straight loss—over two seasons, which puts him one game away from the American League record. Toronto won its fifth straight home opener, and the Texas Rangers staff threw four shutouts in a row—one shy of the A.L. mark.

Among the more memorable records set during the first weeks of the season:

Fifth and sixth pitchers to reach 3,000 strikeouts—Tom Seaver, April 18, and Steve Carlton, April 29 (first four: Walter Johnson, Bob Gibson, Nolan Ryan, Gaylord Perry).

First team to call pitches from the bench—Detroit, whose pitching coach, Roger Craig, wipes his fingers over cap and face 100 to 150 times a game.

First owner to recall 50,000 copies of team yearbook because he did not like his picture—George Steinbrenner, Yankees. Because colors were out of register on the page, Steinbrenner looked like he was wearing lipstick.

Worst TV promotion—San Francisco, which hired Don Novello, the comic from *Saturday Night Live*, to do his Italian-priest routine in Giants commercials.

Most money earned by an ex-Dodger for not pitching—Don Stanhouse, $1.36 million over the next four years, after he failed to make the team this spring.

First use of a blowtorch to warm the field for a home opener—Montreal Expos, April 14. Another record set that day: first package of chewing tobacco to freeze in the back pocket of an active third baseman (Lance Parrish).

First team of the year to threaten to leave its home town—Pittsburgh Pirates, which hinted that it might move to New Orleans.

First pitcher to fracture a rib while watching a runner steal second base—Craig Swan of the New York Mets, struck in the back by Catcher Ron Hodges' errant throw, a feat reminiscent of Casey Stengel's original Amazin' Mets.

And the season is just beginning . . .

In the Strike Zone

Above the 1981 baseball season's uncommonly sunny start there looms a dark cloud left over from a winter of discontent. There is every chance of a strike of baseball players on May 29.

The problem is free agency, a status the players won in a 1975 federal court decision. The ruling gave them the right to leave their teams after six years of major league service and sign with the highest bidder. Since then, 248 players have taken that option, and the average major league salary has more than tripled, to almost $180,000 a year. The owners abhor free agency more than rain and have been trying to force modifications of the system. A strike over the issue was narrowly avoided last year when the owners and the Major League Baseball Players Association agreed to further negotiations. The two sides failed to come up with a settlement during the winter, and in February the owners unilaterally imposed their own solution.

That scheme, so far untested, requires a team signing a "ranking" free agent to compensate the player's former club with a man of its own. (Ranking players are defined as those in the top half of the league in number of batting or pitching appearances.) Each club could, however, protect a number of its stars from being grabbed as compensation. The players abhor that plan more than night games in April because it presumably would make owners less eager to sign free agents, thus driving down their market price. Complains Marvin Miller, the players' union chief: "Let's say the free agent is an outstanding player but is 38 years old. A club might stand to lose one of its good young prospects if it took him, and that might kill the free agent's chances."

The players have said they would consider accepting some less punishing scheme of compensation, but the owners are refusing to compromise. They seem determined to force a walkout; as much as $50 million in strike insurance has been arranged with Lloyd's of London. Says American League Player Representative Doug DeCinces of the Baltimore Orioles: "Time and again we've tried to discuss our situation and time and again we've been treated like spoiled kids." The situation has got to the point where DeCinces' National League counterpart, Bob Boone of the Philadelphia Phillies, will not talk about it. Says New York Mets Player Representative Rusty Staub: "The owners are leaving us no alternative."

Commissioner Bowie Kuhn is pessimistic. Says he: "The players may have miscalculated the determination of the owners." A strike as devastating as the 13-day walkout in 1972 is possible. That would not only darken the future of baseball, but also ruin a perfectly glorious spring.

Orioles' DeCinces Phillies' Boone

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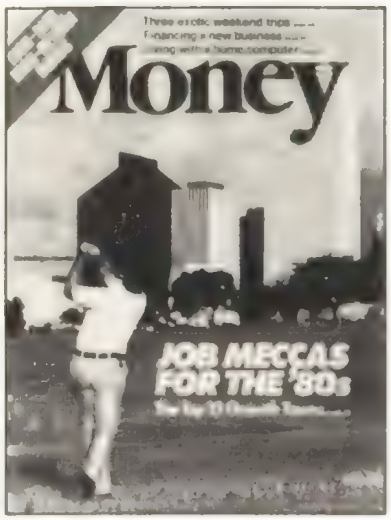

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"Everybody Thought I Was Nuts"

Trainer Johnny Campo's colt wins the Derby, of course

"Geez," said Trainer Johnny Campo just before the 107th running of the Kentucky Derby, "this is going to be tougher to win than I thought." Still, Campo never budged in his contention that Pleasant Colony, the Virginia-bred colt trained by the New York–bred Campo, would finish at the head of the jumble of 21 three-year-olds. At 7-to-2 odds, his horse was only the bettors' third favorite, after the paired entry of Proud Appeal and Golden Derby (2-to-1). But the smart money began fluttering in his direction after his startling three-length triumph at Aqueduct's important Wood Memorial two weeks earlier. "I was a guy with a nice stable of claiming horses," said Campo. "Then I had a horse who won the Wood. That's a genius? I got lucky."

He was luckier still on Derby Day. Pleasant Colony loped around Churchill Downs on Saturday in an unhurried 2 min. 2 sec. to come in first by three-quarters of a length, paying $9 to bettors with a win ticket. Woodchopper, a 35-to-1 shot, finished second, and Partez, at 7-to-1, came in third. Proud Appeal, the favorite, was out front briefly but finished 18th, behind Cure the Blues in 15th.

Pleasant Colony, Campo claimed all along, was bred for long races—the Derby is 1¼ miles—and Jockey Jorge Velasquez has a fine reputation as a distance rider—a reputation that was confirmed when the dark bay colt nosed into the lead coming into the home stretch. "I never had to check my horse," said Velasquez, who had been 0 for 5 in Derby mounts. "I just had to weave in and out, and work my way between the horses. I let go, and he took off, running like a mad horse." The 34-year-old Panamanian jockey had never ridden Pleasant Colony before. Campo was evidently not troubled by that, or by anything else. "I'm a good horse trainer, pop," Campo bellowed to a television interviewer from the winner's circle, "and don't ever forget it."

Without a daunting supercolt in this year's Derby, owners of scores of good, bad and worse animals felt they had a shot at winning. After the unmanageable centennial running of 1974, in which 23 mediocre three-year-olds jostled each other, the usually laissez-faire officials of Churchill Downs turned stern: they pushed entrance fees up to a stiff $7,600 and set a 20-entrant maximum for future Derbies. The cut was to be determined by the colts' comparative earnings. Never was the limit trotted out, however, until last week. As a consequence, Flying Nashua and two lesser colts were denied Derby slots. "Only in Kentucky could this happen," pouted Larry Barrera, Flying Nashua's trainer. "The money rule is stupid." But the day before the race, Flying Nashua's owners found a county judge who agreed that the officials' interpretation of the money rule was flawed. The colt was reinstated, and 50,000 Derby program inserts had to be printed quickly.

For his victory, Pleasant Colony earned $317,000 in two minutes, the biggest Derby purse ever—and considerably more than Pleasant Colony's $202,000 in career earnings before Saturday afternoon. Owner Thomas Mellon Evans said simply, "I think it's terrific." Campo claims he was not surprised. "I just kept telling everybody I'm going to win. Everybody thought I was nuts." He figures to be a winner again in two weeks. Says he: "I pity them poor guys in the Preakness." ■

Pleasant Colony crosses the finish line with Jorge Velasquez in the saddle

After the Wood Memorial, the smart money began fluttering in his direction

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In happier times: Barnett carries King's racquets at a 1973 match at Forest Hills

A Disputed Love Match

Her ex-secretary serves up a "galimony" suit to Billie Jean King

There is nothing new in tales of sexual shenanigans between a secretary and her boss. But when one such story came to light last week in Los Angeles court papers, it set off shock waves of publicity. With good reason: both parties are women, the spurned secretary is seeking financial support even though her former employer was and is married, and the ex-boss is Tennis Star Billie Jean King.

The biggest shock of all was that King, after first issuing a general denial, called a press conference at week's end and admitted having a lesbian affair with the woman, Marilyn Barnett, 32, a former Beverly Hills hairdresser who in 1973 became her employee, travel companion and confidante. "I made a mistake," said King. "It's been over for quite some time." Despite their intimacy, however, King emphatically rejected Barnett's financial claim and indicated that she would fight the lawsuit. Quite apart from the impact that the case may have on the law, lesbians and the litigants, it clearly carries dangerous topspin for the image-conscious women's tennis circuit.

Barnett's suit is the strangest application yet of the "palimony" doctrine established by the California Supreme Court in a 1976 decision involving Actor Lee Marvin and Michelle Triola Marvin, his former live-in lover. Barnett charges that King promised to provide for all her "financial support and needs for the rest of her life in the same style and manner commensurate with the life-style of King." The suit also contends that King and her sports promoter husband Larry, whom she married in 1965, purchased a $200,000 Malibu beach house for Barnett's use and promised to deed it to her eventually. During the mid-1970s, many of Barnett's duties were phased out, and in 1979, she says, the Kings ordered her out of the house. Barnett, however, has refused to leave.

The palimony doctrine provides that cohabitants who split up must abide by any prior agreements on how to apportion income and property. The contract is enforceable even if it is simply oral, and in certain cases it need be no more than a pattern of conduct that implies such an agreement. Other homosexuals have sued under this theory, though none of those suits have gone to trial. The novelty of Barnett's action is that she is seeking support from someone who is married and presumably owes her first obligation to her husband. If Barnett succeeds, it could open the door for similar suits by paramours and gigolos. Barnett's attorney, Joel Ladin, says she will back up her claim with more than 100 letters from King, joint credit-card records, and evidence that the tennis star routinely gave her blank checks. She is asking for title to the Malibu house and half of King's income from 1973 to 1979, which is estimated at more than $1 million.

Admitting to the affair was not easy for King. "I had to say it," she said. "You have to live with yourself." Larry kept an arm around her during the press conference and said the episode had not affected his love for her. In turn, Billie Jean said of him: "He's my husband, my lover and best friend."

The Kings' comments about Barnett were sorrowful rather than angry. Earlier in the week, King had suggested that the former secretary had been "in and out of institutions" and had attempted suicide. Barnett was, in fact, listed on Los Angeles County fire department logs for a "possible suicide attempt" last October, after she was found lying, with a broken back, on the beach 30 ft. below the balcony of the stilt-supported Malibu home. The incident left her paralyzed below the waist and confined to a wheelchair. Charges Attorney Ladin: "The Kings brought this up to avoid the issues and merits of the case."

Whatever the legal outcome, the effect on King and her sport could be serious. At her press conference, held at a hotel adjacent to Los Angeles International Airport, the 20-time Wimbledon winner said of her fans: "I hope they will respond with compassion and understanding." No doubt many will. But no one can predict the response of the TV networks whose broadcasts King appears on, and the companies that sponsor tournaments she plays in or whose products she endorses. If they decide that she has been tainted and cancel her contracts, she could lose much of her standing in the tennis world and much of her income.

Beyond that, people on the tennis circuit fear that the case could lead to a series of stories about players' sex lives. It is no secret that all professional sports, male and female, have a certain incidence of homosexuality. In women's tennis, rumors have swirled around several stars, including King, but until now have rarely got into print. The sport has long struggled to achieve relative parity with men's tennis in prestige and purses, and King has been a leader and a symbol of its progress. It would be sad irony if her imbroglio now precipitated its decline. *—By Bennett H. Beach. Reported by Benjamin W. Cate/Los Angeles*

Barnett outside the Malibu house last week

Blank checks and joint credit cards.

Riding High with Hard-Luck Guys

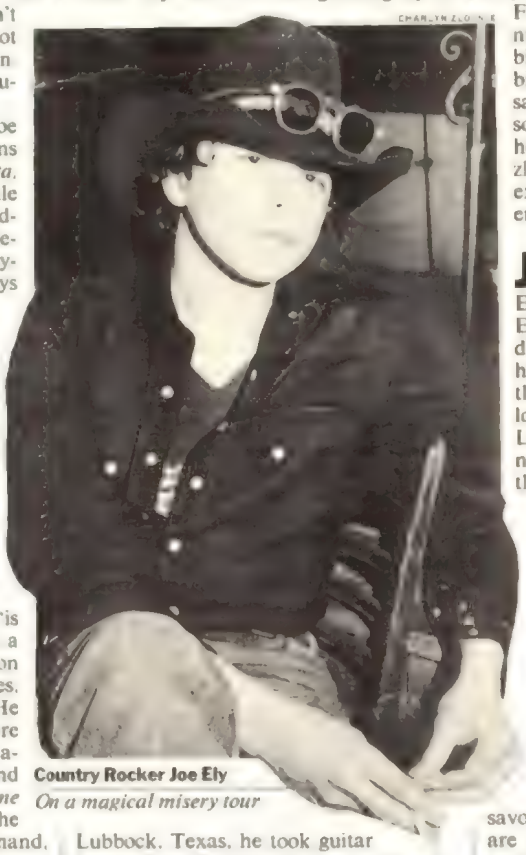
Joe Ely keeps faith with the past and makes good music

The best country album of 1980 never came out in the U.S., and the best country album so far in 1981 isn't getting played on the radio and hasn't sold enough copies to keep Glen Campbell in rhinestones. The fellow responsible for both records isn't taking it too hard though. "I'd like a hit," Joe Ely muses. "But I'm not in it for the fame and fortune. It's getting so that if you don't make three million bucks, you're not hot. But you don't need three million. I try to play to people for whom music is a necessity, not a luxury."

So the kind of country sound Joe Ely has set down on five fine albums—the newest, *Musta Notta Gotta Lotta*, was released in February—bears little resemblance to the chart-topping fodder of Kenny Rogers or the cuddlesome crooning of Eddie Rabbitt. Anyone who considers that those old boys sing country music is guaranteed to be mixed up and maybe a little unsettled by Joe Ely. Country slickers like Eddie and Kenny have helped divert the mainstream of Nashville about 1,600 miles west, right into the middle of Las Vegas, where a soft pedal steel guitar can set up a gentle rhythm for the slots. There is nothing at all gentle about Joe Ely's music. Hard, strong and direct, with heavy rockabilly underpinnings, it can raise more blisters than a long week's farm work.

"My music," Ely states proudly, "is a strong, aggressive attack," and at a time when outlaws like Willie Nelson have mellowed into genteel grandees, Ely is an unreconstructed rowdy. He works the kind of honky-tonk where the patrons would tear the designer label off an urban cowboy's jeans, and songs like *I Keep Gettin' Paid the Same* and *Dam of My Heart* (both on the new album) sound gritty and firsthand, not arm's length, the preferred performing distance of contemporary country gentlemen.

Joe Ely's bare-knuckled and open-hearted approach to country music has consequently created a fair amount of confusion. His manager has compared him with Bruce Springsteen, presumably to get rockers to pay a little heed, and his record company just acts stymied. Ely puts up an almost reflexive resistance to any discussion of categories—"I don't like definitions," he says, "and I write my own labels"—but he has a lively awareness of where he has come from and where country music is going. "Nashville's problem is that it is always filling the air waves, like TV," he says. "Country has become pop mainstream. It has lost rawness and vitality." Ely looks back to some of the men who put those qualities there in the first place. Jimmie Rodgers; Bob Wills, the king of western swing, who opened up country to newer, jazzier rhythms; Hank Williams, "who gave the music heart-stabbing bite." And Buddy Holly. When Ely, now 34, was growing up in Lubbock, Texas, he took guitar lessons from Buddy's old teacher, a door-to-door salesman who did not need to urge Joe to duplicate the music he heard drifting through the night air from the honky-tonks. Joe did not need much encouragement to leave school either. By the time he packed it in, at 16, he was already working three to five nights a week in clubs, "making enough to reinvest in equipment."



Country Rocker Joe Ely
On a magical misery tour

He gigged around Texas, working the kind of joint that advertises a prohibitive $100 cover charge for blacks only, and by the time he was 20 he was sleeping on the beach in Venice, Calif., using his amplifier as a pillow. There was not much else to do with it; work was short. He tried San Francisco, then went back home to Texas for "a stretch of riding the rails with hard-luck guys." He wound up in New York City, where he landed a job playing guitar in a Texas-style musical at Joseph Papp's Public Theater. He pulled down wages of $60 a week and slept on the Staten Island Ferry.

"Wandering isn't fun," Ely recalls. "It's colorful misery." Home again in Texas, Joe started working some of those miserable shades into songs. There were several false starts and at least one more hard-times visit to New York, where, Ely recalls, "I was mostly singin' in the subways and in front of Bloomin'dale's." Finally, in 1974, Ely put together the nucleus of a band, and released his first big-time record in 1977. Big time and big business are not necessarily the same, however, and although the personnel in the band have changed, Ely's hot-poker music still gets the same puzzled reception from any audiences and executives who expect a country singer to toe the redneck line.

Joe Strummer of the Clash recognized a kindred spirit and invited Ely and his band to share billing on a European tour in 1979. The punk audience, Ely remembers, "threw shirts, hot dogs, bottles and panties at us. We threw back a crate of ice, and they loved it." The recorded result of the London leg of this tour, *Live Shots*, was never released in the U.S., although the album's reckless drive and scalding lyricism could have put a few badly needed cracks into the country Establishment.

Ely's songs, like those of his crony and frequent collaborator Butch Hancock, are bleak and wistful and angry, awash in the colors that Joe picked up on all of his magical misery tours. Ely's band, along with the traditional complement of bass, rhythm guitar and drums, also includes a sax and an accordion, so its sound sometimes takes on Tex-Mex overtones, or even a certain savor from Cajun territory. Ely's sources are scrupulously eclectic. Perhaps his nearest spiritual peer is that old renegade Jerry Lee Lewis. *Live Shots* contains one old tune, *Fingernails*, that may once have been intended as a send-up of Jerry Lee. Ely just turns the song around and sends it back out again as a tribute.

The music that Joe Ely makes has so many cross-cultural inflections that trying to classify it seems ultimately a fussy academic exercise. His songs are what country music used to be before it became a main tributary of show business. And so what if Joe Ely has not been asked to guest-star on the Barbara Mandrell show? He sings from the true heart of the country, and the country may not always be where the green is. —*By Jay Cocks.*
Reported by Martha Smilgis/Los Angeles

People

In this corner, with the Mohican-style hairdo and the beard, is the challenger, Clubber Lang, played by **Lawrence** ("Mr. T.") **Tero.** In the other corner, with the ruddy cheeks and the winning smile, is the champ, Rocky Balboa, played by **Sylvester Stallone.** The two slug it out in Stallone's new film, *Rocky III*, due in June 1982. During the fight scenes the pair sparred actively, pulling their punches when they could, but occasionally connecting hard. Mr. T. packs quite a wallop—he is a former bodyguard for such pugilists as **Muhammad Ali** and **Leon Spinks.** Still, Stallone, 34, seemed to profit from the roughhouse. He worked out daily, trimmed off 40 lbs. and added a full robe of muscles.

■

Love seemed to be such an easy game to play for **Ringo Starr,** 40, as he emerged from London's Marleybone town hall with his new bride, Actress **Barbara Bach,** 34, and a pair of comely young bridesmaids —their daughters by former marriages—Ringo's Lee, 10, and Barbara's Francesca, 12. Moments later, **Paul McCartney** and **George Harrison,** both 38, bounded down the steps and on to the reception at a private Mayfair club. Starr, using a pair of overturned champagne buckets as drums and with a little help from his two friends, staged an impromptu jam session. The poignant reunion came after the recording of *All Those Years Ago*, a musical tribute to **John Lennon** written by Harrison. It is due out in June as a single and will be a track on his new album, *Somewhere in England*. The cut was recorded with a pair of Wings and a prayer—Harrison on guitar, Starr on drums and McCartney and his wife **Linda** harmonizing. The song is the first that the ex-Beatles have collaborated on in more than a decade. Grinned McCartney last week: "It's grand to be together again."

■

When Britain's **Prince Charles,** 32, last visited American shores in October 1977, he was still very much a bonnie bachelor, and his beguiling ways charmed every lass in sight. But during his four-day visit to Washington last week, the Prince kept the flirting to a fribble. He is, after all, to marry **Lady Diana Spencer,** 19, this summer. Charles toured the Smithsonian's National Air and Space Museum, took a trip to Williamsburg, Va., where he received an honorary degree from the College of William and Mary, and attended a small dinner party at the White House. During an Oval Office chat with President **Ronald Reagan,** the conversation quickly turned to horses, reflecting the equestrian passions of both men. The President reassured the future King that despite his recent tumbles, he was in no danger of being put out to pasture. Said Reagan: "When you're riding steeplechase or playing polo, there are going to be times when you and the horse part company."

Mr. T. taking it on the chin from Stallone in *Rocky III*

Dallas diehards spent last summer wondering who shot J.R. Now the producers have done it again. In this season's final episode, the body of an unidentified woman is floating face down in the pool at Southfork. Standing by the broken railing on the second-floor balcony is mean ole **J.R. Ewing.** It seems clear whodunit. The question is, whoizzit? Possibilities: **Sue Ellen,** who was about to run off with **Dusty; Pam,** who kidnaped J.R.'s son; **Leslie,** a recent J.R. conquest; and **Kristin,** back in Dallas and threatening a paternity scandal. Best bet: the trigger-happy Kristin. —*By E. Graydon Carter*

Reagan and Prince Charles trading horse talk in the Oval Office

Classical Bach and shining Starr with Bridesmaids Francesca and Lee

On the Record

Remak Ramsay, stage actor, on why he will not divulge his age: "It would be ungallant. I have a twin sister."

Chet Flippo, 37, after the publication party for *Your Cheatin' Heart*, his biography of Country Singer Hank Williams: "I'd like to thank Hank for making this party possible and the IRS for making it necessary."

John Kenneth Galbraith, 72, on the Moral Majority: "I reserve judgment on whether God is a conservative or not."

Charles Kuralt, 46, CBS *Morning* host, refuting constant descriptions of himself as "avuncular": "I'm fat and bald, but I don't think of myself as avuncular. It's too bad. I'd rather look like Rather. Of course, wouldn't anybody?"

The Triumph of Achilles the Bitter

In New York City, a definitive Arshile Gorky retrospective

In the summer of 1948, the painter Arshile Gorky entered his studio barn in Sherman, Conn., tied a noose in a rope, chalked a farewell message on a picture crate—"Goodbye, My Loveds," it read in broken English—and hanged himself. He was 44 years old, and he had been afflicted by most of the disasters that can befall a man: cancer, the destruction of many of his works in a fire, nagging poverty and the collapse of his family. His life had been a mass of insecurities right from his childhood in Armenia, where he barely escaped a Turkish pogrom in 1915. He was an immigrant, a nomad, a natural aristocrat condemned to anguish by his pride and fastidiousness. He was also, beyond question, one of the most gifted artists ever to work in New York, where he had landed in 1920.

Gorky's career was of inestimable significance to modern art in America. It formed a sort of Bridge of Sighs between European modernism—in particular, surrealism—and abstract expressionism. Nearly all the artists of the New York School, beginning with Willem de Kooning and Jackson Pollock, were to some extent liberated and inspired by his example. The measure of his work can be taken from an exhibition now on view at the Guggenheim Museum in New York City. Organized by Art Historian Diane Waldman, "Arshile Gorky, 1904-1948: A Retrospective" contains some 250 paintings and drawings, and will no doubt be the definitive view of its subject for years to come.

Gorky's real name was Vosdanik Adoian. His father was a carpenter in Armenia, his mother the descendant of minor nobility and priests. He renamed himself as a defiant cosmetic gesture: "Arshile," he explained, was the Russian form of Achilles, and the writer Maxim Gorky was one of the current heroes of the Left. (Gorky was Maxim's pseudonym too; it meant "the bitter one.") None of Arshile Gorky's friends really believed he was Russian, but the name gave him some purchase on fame. It tied up with his other harmless fibs—that he had studied under Kandinsky, for instance. Above all, it solidified the impression of a romantic outsider. Henceforth, Achilles the Bitter would be seen in New York (or so he naively hoped) as an Armenian Childe Harold, a creature of exalted but conjectural origins, with no baggage but the authority of his Europeanness, no passport but modernism itself.

***The Artist and His Mother*, 1926-36**

Whipping brush marks and forms like birds' wings in Arshile Gorky's *Painting*, 1938

Working through tradition to the new, away from poor art for poor people.

As a student and then a teacher in the 1920s, Gorky was hard on himself. At the core of his discipline lay the belief that art history was continuous, that no fundamental break had occurred between the high traditions of European classicism (exemplified by Paolo Uccello in the 15th century and Ingres in the 19th, both of whom he worshiped) and the work of the founding fathers of modernism: Cézanne, Gauguin, Matisse and Picasso. To understand one, you had to work through the other. Gorky was under no illusions about how much time that would take; in fact, it would be almost 20 years before he found a pictorial syntax entirely his own. In order to approach it, he simply ignored the prevailing orthodoxies of American art: regionalism and "social commitment." The patriotism of artists like Grant Wood—Arcadia with silos and furrowed hills—made little sense to this inward-facing survivor of the Turkish darkness. In a famous aside, Gorky dismissed the whole range of painting about social and political causes in the '30s as "poor art for poor people"; he had seen too much political horror as a child to imagine that canvas could interpose itself between history and its victims.

The god of Gorky's youth was Cézanne. It is interesting to see how some of the traits of his Cézannist *homages* recur as formal motifs, changed but still recognizable, in Gorky's mature paintings. His liking for "involutes" of clenched form, knots of gully or tree in a frontally presented landscape à la Cézanne, remains visible in the intestinal couplings and imbrications of a painting like *The Liver Is the Cock's Comb*, 1944. A node, then space: the rhythm is of a fist opening and closing.

Two Spanish artists, Picasso and the Catalan surrealist Joan Miró, preside over his work from about 1930 onward. After a brief cubist phase in the late '20s, Gorky had become obsessed (it is hardly too strong a word) with the surrealist promise of content in art. Surrealist metamorphosis—the sliding of identity, the merging of separate layers of experience in Picasso's threatening or rapturous eroticism of the early '30s, or in Miró's painted swarms of little Boschian monsters—was the ideal way for Gorky to convey his permeable sense of the world, drenched in childhood memory, skewed and shuffled by fantasy. "Dreams form the bristles of the artist's brush," he wrote to his sister Vartoosh in 1942. "In trying to probe beyond the ordinary and the known . . . I probe beyond the confines of the finite to create an infinity. Liver

Bones. Living rocks and living plants and animals. Living dreams to this I owe my debt to our Armenian art. Its hybrids, its many opposites. The inventions of our folk imagination."

This strain of biological fantasy in Gorky was balanced by an intense regard for drawing in its classical sense: the precise elaboration of ideal forms. One sees its results in his self-portrait as a child, with his mother, two versions of which occupied him from 1926 to 1942. It was based on a photo of his eight-year-old self, pigeon-toed, shy, holding a posy, standing beside his noble-looking mother. In the old photo, her face has a spectral pallor, like the moon, and the flowers her son grasps seem to have escaped from the rich floral embroidery on her apron. It is a strangely evocative photograph even to a complete stranger, and to Gorky it must have been unbearably poignant. In the painting, the details of pattern are suppressed for the sake of broad effects—the flat shapes of sleeve and bib, the blurred hands, the rhythmically inflected boundary line. (They would surface later in the title of a 1944 painting, *How My Mother's Embroidered Apron Unfolds in My Life.*)

***Garden in Sochi*, 1943: sliding identity, childhood memory**

Gorky's sense of draftsmanship was bound up, as that sense must be, in consideration of the "speed" of a line, its whip and springiness, its ability to convey an edge and the volume behind the edge. His fondness in the '30s for Picasso-like interlocks and kidney- or palette-shapes, where line served only to define closed forms, gradually gave way to a more autonomous, calligraphic sort of drawing that ushered in not only his mature work but de Kooning's as well. A small key example is *Painting*, 1938, with its excited rush and pressure of winglike shapes inside the pasty background field, dragged and churned but incompletely described by the brush. With this and similar paintings, Gorky arrived at the characteristic space of his mature work—a sort of cave, a blank field with intimations of depth, on which his images of organic vitality disported themselves. They were allusive, squiggly and inherently pictorial, like Miro's bugs and beasts, and they combined in irresistibly provocative ways.

One could make a small inventory of Gorky's pictorial tropes—the vulval slits and intestines and phalli, the mandibles, leaves, seeds, bracts, stamens, insect bodies, wings and so on—without touching their pictorial meanings. Gorky had a most intense and lyrical sense of natural life, expressed always as the closeup or interior view rather than the landscape with figures. Filled with a sweating, precocious glow, a summer pullulation, images like *The Liver Is the Cock's Comb* look inward to the body and not out from it. At the same time, the best Gorkys preserve a delicacy, almost a hesitancy, in their pictorial means (especially in the wayward slicing of that black line across the surface, drawn with a fitch as tremulous as a dragonfly's leg) that makes the theatricality of some of his surrealist contemporaries, like Matta, seem coarse.

Sometimes he used paint like water color, sponging and wiping it, letting it run in chancy dribbles, and anticipating in the '40s the stain techniques that later American artists (Helen Frankenthaler, Morris Louis, Kenneth Noland) would use in the '60s. Generally, these "water color" Gorkys are the least satisfactory of his canvases, congested and irresolute. But in the fully finished canvases, like *Agony* or *The Orators*, 1947, one sees the work of a master of surface, who had absorbed everything there was to learn from Miro's use of line, stain, scumbling and impasto and released it in a lyrical, exquisite form of visual rhetoric, where every touch answers to a specific pressure of feeling and there are no dead or incoherent patches.

Such paintings are in the minority, despite the catalogue's efforts to present everything Gorky touched as though it were a major statement. Curator Waldman's laudable aim has been to present Gorky's career as a continuous unfolding rather than a plagiarizing apprenticeship followed by a sudden "second birth" into originality. One is grateful to see the painter whole, but one wearies of sentences like, "The drawings are superb, yet the paintings that followed . . . are even more extraordinary." These canonizations of the Self-Martyred Master (an Armenian-American Van Gogh, in effect) have an anesthetic effect. One senses that Gorky's hesitations and failures were as essential to the man's identity as his real successes. Nobody could expect that in so short and racked a life, Gorky could have resolved all the tensions and contradictions of his work. But in those tensions, the existential map of abstract expressionism was drawn.

—By Robert Hughes

***The Liver Is the Cock's Comb*, 1944: looking inward to the body, not out from it**

Also leaves, mandibles, intestines, insect bodies and the rhythm of an opening fist.

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Press

Suddenly, *Now!* Is Never

With losses mounting, Goldsmith folds his newsmagazine

When Sir James Goldsmith launched his weekly newsmagazine *Now!* 19 months ago, he gave it a rousing send-off. The pugnacious French-British entrepreneur spent more than $1 million on promotion, and the initial pressrun of 416,000 copies was a sellout. With the London *Sunday Times* and its glossy magazine shut down by a labor dispute, upscale advertisers flocked to the new publication. Start-up costs were high ($5.4 million), but the brash publisher was undeterred. Said Sir James: "If it has the feeling of life in it, I will keep it going, even with losses."

Last week, 84 issues and more than $11 million in losses later, Sir James admitted there were no vital signs and shut down his hemorrhaging weekly. The flood of ads in the first few issues had slowed to a trickle when the *Sunday Times* reappeared two months later, and Goldsmith never achieved his initial circulation goal of 250,000. After averaging 182,000 during its first year, *Now!* slid to 119,000 in recent months. It cut its ad rates by about 30%, but even then, says a London advertising executive, "the rates were too high for the circulation offered." For every $1.30 copy of *Now!*, Goldsmith was losing $1. Says he: "It was obvious that we were not going to be able to build it up again."

Goldsmith badly misjudged his market and competition. Because Britain is small and has excellent rail service, the leading London newspapers are distributed nationally. The Sunday editions (combined circ. 17.8 million) provide extensive national and international news, in-depth background reports and a wide range of reviews and entertainment stories. Also well entrenched are the *Economist* (U.K. circ. 69,000), TIME (British Isles and Ireland circ. 78,000) and *Newsweek* (circ. 40,000). *Now!* could not decide whether it was a feature or a newsmagazine. Its reporting never matched the newspapers', and its writing and analysis fell far short of the weeklies. It will be best remembered for its generous use of color photographs. The *Guardian* offered the kindest epitaph: "*Now!* was a brave deed in a cowardly world."

CAMERA PRESS

Proud Sir James when *Now!* was new

Final issue on stands last week

"Brave deed in a cowardly world."

Before starting *Now!*, Goldsmith, 48, a flamboyant food conglomerate millionaire and owner of the French newsweekly *L'Express* (circ. 585,000), tried to acquire the *Observer* and then bought 35% of the nonvoting stock in the Beaverbrook chain, whose flagship is the *Daily Express* (circ. 2.3 million). He made no secret of the fact that he wanted a foothold in British publishing to advance his political ideas. By his own description, he was a "frustrated politician" worried about Britain's drift to the left.

At *Now!* he hired right-wing columnists and a conservative editor to set the tone. Last January *Now!'s* abrasive proprietor ordered his magazine to publish an eight-page speech he had written on the dangers of Communist infiltration. That same month, incensed over a negative story on his friend French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, Goldsmith blocked distribution of his magazine in Europe. Said Sir James: "I've been a grocer for most of my life. In the grocery business, if you send out a batch of poisonous food, you have to recall it. Poisoning the brain is the same as poisoning the gut."

Though appalled by Goldsmith's occasional intrusions, *Now!'s* well-paid (upwards of $54,000 for top writers) 80-journalist staff was crushed by the closure. Editor in Chief Anthony Shrimsley compared *Now!* to the Concorde: "A marvelous concept, marvelous design, tremendous crew, and everyone who flies it loves it, but you can't get enough passengers to make it a commercial success." As his London employees totted up their severance (perhaps as high as $6.5 million), Goldsmith saw virtue in defeat. Said he: "When a venture stops being an investment and starts being a subsidy, you have to have the courage to drop it." ■

Arthur and Weston in *Floating Light Bulb*

Theater

Home Rue

THE FLOATING LIGHT BULB
by Woody Allen

A pearl of a playwright may emerge from the oyster bed of a wretched early home life. O'Neill, Williams and Miller provide eloquently autobiographical testimony to that. Woody Allen's *The Floating Light Bulb* seems distinctly autobiographical, but it is no more than a shucked oyster shell of a play.

Brooklyn, 1945. The Pollacks are bone-poor. They lead lives of congealed desperation, though their dialogue sometimes glints with the leapfrog logic of Allen's idiosyncratic humor.

Max (Danny Aiello), the father, is a low-paid waiter and loudmouthed gambler who dreams of hitting the numbers big so that he can run away with his popsy (Ellen March). The domineering mother Enid (Beatrice Arthur) has a tongue with the sting of a killer bee. The 17-year-old son Paul (Brian Backer) has a sky-high IQ and plays truant to go to magic shows. Abysmally lonely, he retreats to his room to polish his own legerdemain, as Allen's boy figure did in the film *Stardust Memories*. Running into a flyweight booking agent (Jack Weston), Enid wheedles him into auditioning Paul. Terrified, the boy flubs a few tricks and becomes ill. In a total tangent, Enid and the agent embark on a bittersweet mating waltz that ends sourly.

Topping an able cast, Backer and Weston give performances of impelling honesty. But the play lacks internal consistency of tone, and Allen has botched at least four essentials in the magic of theater—surprise, imagination, vision and revelation.

—*By T.E. Kalem*

Lovers and Laziness

MOSCOW DOES NOT BELIEVE IN TEARS *Directed by Vladimir Menshov*
Screenplay by Valentin Chiornykh
OBLOMOV *Directed by Nikita Mikhalkov*
Screenplay by Alexander Adabashyan and Nikita Mikhalkov

The Soviet cinema is one of the most prolific in the world, but most of its product is designed for home consumption and many of its best films, failing tests of ideological purity, remain unseen even in the U.S.S.R. Now a film about contemporary Soviet life has won an Academy Award and another, based on a 19th century novel, is winning kudos in its American debut in New York. One is bright, one brooding; together, they exemplify official Soviet film making at its best

Alexei Batalov and Vera Alentova in *Moscow*

It may not be Sputnik, but it is a surprise. Somehow one did not think of the Soviet Union as being full of women wearing smart suits, conducting complicated careers and wondering, of a lonely evening, where all the strong, decent and interesting men have gone. Certainly few would have guessed that the Soviets would be the first to turn out a thoroughly pleasing romantic comedy of the feminist persuasion. Next thing you know, someone will be trying to tell us the Japanese make better small cars than we do.

The mode of *Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears*—this year's Oscar winner for Best Foreign Language Film—is a kind of patient realism. The style is not flashy, but it is satisfying because it makes clear just what the protagonist, Katerina (Vera Alentova), has suffered and sacrificed in order to earn her nice car and nice apartment and the right to those middle-aged tears that Moscow so distrusts.

The film is in two acts. In the first, Katerina is a young girl, circa 1958, living in a workers' dormitory. By day she toils in a factory; by night she studies to advance herself, and gets involved with a light-minded roommate's plan to entrap men by pretending to be more worldly than they are. There is a sweet giddiness to this passage, a nostalgic indulgence of youthful silliness—except that it is the women who are trapped. Katerina becomes pregnant and bears the child of the slick television-type who is briefly her lover, but presses ahead with a career anyway —there's steel under her shyness—and suddenly finds herself in life's second act.

This quick shift in time and perspective effectively symbolizes the stealthy passing of the years: one day you look up and find your child almost grown, your career at its peak and a strange emptiness in your heart. In Katerina's case, the void is filled when she meets Gosha (Alexei Batalov), a magical figure on the order of the Alan Bates character in *An Unmarried Woman*. The difference is that he has none of the latter's squishy glamour. Gosha is a workingman, an upholder of traditional male values, however humorously he states them, and a man who insists that a woman accept him on his own terms. Katerina does, for she is strong and wise, and braver than he in overcoming the class problem their match presents, even in an officially classless society.

The screenplay is full of colorful characters, and Director Menshov has provided a context as direct and likable as his heroine. Alentova makes the transition from young girl to mature woman with little apparent recourse to the make-up table. She effects the more difficult transition—from determination to vulnerability, from practicality to playfulness, from briskness to sympathy—even more brilliantly. It is she who makes this lovely film so memorably winning and true.

Oblomov is not a surprise. If the Soviets cannot make a decent adaptation of one of their own literary treasures, who can? And it is a delight, faithful to the soulfully comic spirit of Goncharov's novel—about a man who would rather sleep than fight the modern world—yet gracefully free-spirited in using cinema shorthand to keep the story moving.

That is not the easiest thing to do, since Oblomov spends the first half of the film either in bed or resisting efforts to get him up and moving again. The absentee owner of an estate that is going to pot (as he is), he first nodded off in the midst of a career in the tsarist bureaucracy, and all attempts to interest him in alternative occupations cause him to pull the covers more tightly over his head. Oblomov has seen the future—industrialization, go-getterism—and decided it doesn't work.

Alas for his peace and quiet, he has a boyhood chum named Stoltz, a hustler determined to remobilize his old pal. He personally dices vegetables in order to provide Oblomov with an energizing diet. He brings the slugabed books and periodicals to force him to take an interest in the world. Stoltz even finds a woman who falls in love with Oblomov—and why not? He's so much sweeter and gentler than his tirelessly activist friend; and, as seen in the permanently puzzled eyes of Oleg Tabakov, Oblomov's ennui has

Oleg Tabakov in *Oblomov*

a strange integrity. In his way, Tabakov is as mysteriously compelling as Garbo.

There is more at stake here than simple laziness. The adaptation makes much of the childish contentment Oblomov found at his doting mother's knee. As the film intercuts the adult story with the dozing country milieu of the boy's intense but innocent love, one comes to understand that Oblomov's objections to modernism are principled. Once he actually knew a better world that he cannot help trying to re-embrace.

This sad tale is told slyly and wryly. There are few big laughs in *Oblomov*, but it has something of the *sotto voce* subversiveness that Director Nikita Mikhalkov brought to *A Slave of Love*, his study of early Russian film makers. He knows how to generate moral and intellectual tension in unlikely places, how to speak for individuality in a place where it is not highly valued. In short, he is an artist—and a fine one.

—*By Richard Schickel*

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Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach in *Caveman*

Alley-Oof!

CAVEMAN
Directed by Carl Gottlieb
Screenplay by Rudy DeLuca and Carl Gottlieb

For dozens of young Hollywood moviemakers, happiness is being paid to mount elaborate tributes to the guilty pleasures of their youth. Horror comic books, low-budget melodramas, early rock 'n' roll—the trinity of '50s trash—have received the pop-cultural imprimatur from canny directors and writers who see their task as dynamiting the citadel of middle-class tastefulness. Energy is the password, anarchy the politics. These are the movies your parents warned you to avoid. Now they are the movies keeping the New Hollywood alive.

The sight of Carole Landis and Victor Mature grunting lustfully through *One Million B.C.* was enough to satisfy 1940 pre-teens; the vision of Raquel Welch in *One Million Years B.C.* engorged many a Saturday-matinee libido 26 years later. Why not camp it up this time, with Ringo Starr as a misfit caveman and sultry Barbara Bach as his Stone Age Circe? Why not, indeed? Writers Gottlieb and DeLuca have risen—no, lowered themselves—to the challenge. Instead of screaming at prehistoric monsters, the audience squeams at a ragtag parade of sight gags and slapstick. And has a wonderful time.

Caveman has been assembled with the care that would normally be lavished on a Big Mac during the lunchtime rush. The dialogue (in a pre-Tarzan patois) rarely gets more sophisticated than *"Aieee! Kuda! Ma pooka ma bo-bo aloonda zug-zug fech macha!"** But Ringo is splendid leading his tribe in man's first jam session, and the rest of the cast is fully up to the demands of the script. Kudos to Richard Moll as an Abominable Snowman who shambles around like Groucho Marx in sopping-wet fake fur, and to an animated *Tyrannosaurus rex* who deserves next year's Oscar for Best Supporting Thing. Now how about a remake of *Bedtime for Bonzo*?

—*By Richard Corliss*

*Help! Come here! I hurt my friend while making love with an ugly beast!

Chicken Feed

NIGHTHAWKS
Directed by Bruce Malmuth
Screenplay by David Shaber

What a lot of questions *Nighthawks* raises!

▸ How does a terrorist, freshly arrived in New York, a city where he has never worked before, alone and apparently unaided, acquire, within a day, a suitcase full of hand grenades and other deadly weapons? Most people, after all, have trouble finding Fifth Avenue their first day in town.

▸ How does this same man (Rutger Hauer) single out of the huge team of police pursuing him the one man, a fellow called Deke, who poses a deadly threat to him and then acquire a detailed dossier on him? Granted, Deke is played by sullen Sylvester Stallone, who tends to stand out in a crowd. Still, Deke has a moody, unexplained thing about not wanting to shoot anyone, so it is strange that the terrorist decides to become obsessed with him.

▸ But then, you have to wonder a little bit about the man with the satchel of explosives. If he is so smart, why does he leave, where any dumb flatfoot can find it, a map with one of his targets circled on it in red?

▸ Since all concerned here are obviously up to date on the latest advances in crime and crime fighting, why is it that the only thing they can think to do when they want to sneak up close to their prey is put on a dress? This happens three times in *Nighthawks*, which is surely twice too often unless they are trying to make some tiresome point about the unacknowledged sexual preferences of excessively masculine types.

If specific answers to these queries prove elusive, there is one overriding response to all of them: this film is a fairly typical example of the new incoherence in movies. Especially in the action genre, simple logic—let alone good craftsmanship—is no longer considered a requisite for the audience's pleasure. The theory seems to be that if the characters run around enough, encountering in their hasty passages sufficient amounts of shocking behavior, no one will notice that the story makes no sense. A simpler way of saying this is "What's good enough for television is good enough for us."

But *Nighthawks* is so moronically written and directed, so entirely without wit or novelty, that there is plenty of time to wonder about its many missing explanations. Also missing is the leading lady —Lindsay Wagner, who is supposed to be Deke's beloved but has only two brief scenes. Also absent are the charm and style Billy Dee Williams might have brought to his role as Deke's partner. Somehow they forgot to write a character for him to play. But that's all right —audiences can return the contempt with which *Nighthawks* was made by forgetting to go see it. —*R.S.*

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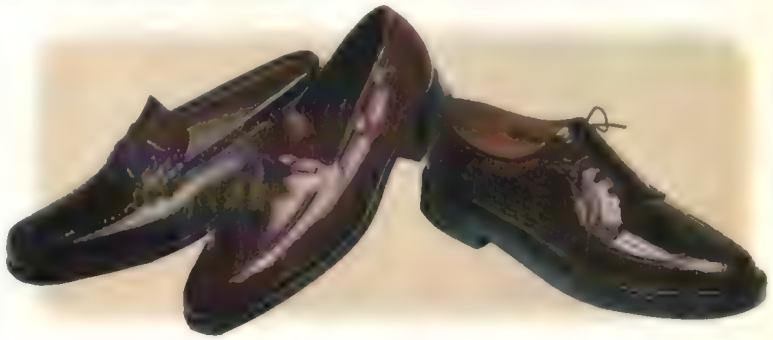

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A New Turn of the Worm

GOD EMPEROR OF DUNE *by Frank Herbert; Putnam; 411 pages; $12.95*

The age of technological science fiction appears to have ended. Who needs to read about imaginary rocket ships and interplanetary voyages when he can read about the real thing? The age of psychological and mythological science fiction, however, is definitely under way. Doris Lessing's Canopus in Argos novels are notable for using a futuristic setting to peer into man's past and speculate on his future. If Lessing is the Athena of the genre, Frank Herbert is its Homer.

Herbert, a former West Coast newspaperman, set the science-fiction world on its antenna in 1965 with the publication of *Dune*, an involved and resonant adventure saga of how human civilization was reborn in a desert. Set on the waterless planet of Arrakis, or Dune, the book introduced a hero whose ancestry went back to the legendary Greek House of Atreus. Paul Atreides had something for everyone. He was part Odysseus, part Jesus and part Muhammad. His followers were a desert people forced by circumstances into a mystical and practical awareness of their ecosystem.

With its space messiah hero, its understanding of ecology and its references to mind-expanding drugs, *Dune* found a large and appreciative audience during the mid-'60s. It was a book the young readers made, largely through word of mouth—"far out," "mind blowing," etc. *Dune* won both a Hugo and a Nebula, science fiction's most coveted annual awards. Sales eventually hit nearly 2 million copies. But *Dune* was only the beginning of a long-running drama, the first part of which is now being filmed in North Africa. In 1969 Herbert published *Dune Messiah*, which has since sold more than 2.2 million copies in hard-cover and paperback. Seven years later came *Children of Dune*, which has also topped the 2 million mark. Now Herbert has turned the trilogy into a tetralogy with *God Emperor of Dune*, a fourth visit to distant Arrakis that is every bit as fascinating as the other three—and every bit as timely.

God Emperor is set a full 3,500 years after the events of the previous books. Atreides has been dead for millenniums. His son Leto is still in control, his life extended by a geriatric drug whose supply he has cornered. Throughout the centuries, Leto has been slowly and deliberately metamorphosing into the gigantic sandworm that the planet's original inhabitants worshiped as their god. Furthermore, Leto's private drug stock has given him the racial memories of all his ancestors and the ability to see the future. His utterances are gnomic and awesome: "Oh, the landscapes I have seen! And the people! The far wanderings of the Fremen and all the rest of it . . . You must remember that I have at my internal demand every expertise known to our history . . . I am the most ardent people-watcher who ever lived. I watch them inside me and outside. Past and present can mingle with odd impositions in me . . . I have extremely acute hearing and vision, plus a sense of smell extraordinarily discriminating . . . You cannot hide very much from my senses."

With such power, it is not surprising that Leto plays the eternally dangerous game: manipulating his own race and those of his enemies to assure both the emergence of a successor and the survival of the species.

Frank Herbert

Told through a combination of straight narrative and excerpts from imaginary histories and journals, *God Emperor* is a cautionary yarn about the messianic ego and an uncritical faith in technology. The book also harbors a cynical view of politics. Some musings from the worm who would be god: "Scratch a conservative and you find someone who prefers the past over any future. Scratch a liberal and find a closet aristocrat." Some of Leto's decrees are variations on the Old Testament. Dune's religion, for example, outlaws computers as graven images of the mind. Throughout, his observations toll a somber truth: "Government is a shared myth. When the myth dies, the government dies."

Though written in a popular style, *God Emperor* does not sidestep moral complexity and ethical dilemma. Herbert understands that humanity needs myths and heroes to embody them. But he also knows the danger posed by those who claim to be the sole carriers and interpreters of those myths. Dune folk who subscribe unquestioningly to Leto's self-proclaimed godhood are shown as virtual automata, doomed to perish with him or to be lost without him. In Herbert's dry and gritty world, the future belongs only to those who think for themselves.

—By Peter Stoler

Excerpt

"'You talk riddles!'

'I talk accumulated observations which tell me that the peaceful posture is the posture of the defeated. It is the posture of the victim. Victims invite aggression.'

'Your damned enforced tranquility! What good does it do?'

'If there is no enemy, one must be invented. The military force which is denied an external target always turns against its own people.'"

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY JOO CHUNG

Young Misfit

TWELVE YEARS: AN AMERICAN BOYHOOD IN EAST GERMANY
by Joel Agee
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
324 pages; $14.95

When Huck Finn, that free-floating escapee from society's foibles, lit out for the "territory ahead of the others" to avoid being "sivilized," he formalized an American tradition of adolescent rebellion. Now Joel Agee, son of Writer James Agee (*A Death in the Family*), steps in those boyish footprints in this finely written, moving memoir. From age eight to 20, Agee's life in East Germany reveals a young swashbuckler at odds with collectivism and Teutonic culture, and with his own aspirations. By turns poetic and picturesque, Agee energetically catalogues his expatriate passage to manhood with a pinpoint eye and a healthy American distaste for pretension.

After moving from Mexico to the bomb-pocked G.D.R. in 1948 with his mother Alma, half brother Stefan and stepfather Bodo Uhse, a highly acclaimed Socialist writer, Agee begins to observe with a foreigner's freshness. He remembers the early Iron Curtain: a chicken-wire fence in an old couple's garden, preventing imperialist rabbits of the British Zone from devouring the *Volk's* lettuce. He recalls the angst of a zealous Red poet when Khrushchev denounced Stalin: "In a fit of self-loathing he wished to be a lumberjack in some remote country like Norway. Very shortly after that, he was introduced to a Norwegian lumberjack who wanted nothing more than to leave his backwoods existence and be a poet engaged in the battles of the day."

Generally, political problems fail to engage Agee's imagination, except for the time a smuggled Monopoly set turns professorial Marxists into board-game landowners, buying play-money hotels with an almost erotic glee. But when a predictable argument about whether Napoleon was a reactionary or a progressive begins in a gray schoolroom, Agee slips a pulp detective novel behind his textbook. The adventures of fearless Tom Brack speak to his fantasy.

Joel Agee

A member of the *Intelligenz*, an American, a Jew and a capitalist, Agee battles for acceptance by his peers, but a restless private conscience pulls him elsewhere. In an eerie prefigurement of his own condition, Agee's pet magpie is one day besieged by hundreds of wild members of its species outside the window. After Agee puts his bird out to join them, it is pecked to death. But there are lyric moments in this boyhood as well: slingshot escapades, fishing trips, and cowboys-and-Indians in abandoned Nazi foxholes. But that world ends with puberty.

Obsessed with losing his virginity and seething with high spirits, he skips school frequently to shoplift in exotic West Berlin. Agee admires the ducktail haircut, listens to Chuck Berry on American Forces radio, and after flunking eleventh grade, is "tried" by his somber, adultlike classmates of the Free German Youth organization. He makes a final battle to unite with the masses: he finds work as a shipyard laborer. But Agee's fresh starts are doomed by an inner turmoil. His attempts at poetry, painting, music and love end in failure. Near the end of his endurance, his parents' marriage unravels, and he leaves for America with his mother just months before the Berlin Wall is begun in 1960. After years as a freelance translator, Agee, who lives in Brooklyn with his wife and daughter, was named fiction editor at *Harper's* magazine last month.

The impact of *Twelve Years* lies not in the record of postwar Eurocommunism that Agee inadvertently chronicles, but in his portrait of the artist as a young misfit. The notebooks in which he bemoans his lack of talent become the cornerstones of his gifts as a writer and observer. Huckleberry Finn would have understood, and welcomed Agee as a soulmate on the raft.

—By J.D. Reed

Shutterbug

REFLEX
by Dick Francis
Putnam; 295 pages; $11.95

Dick Francis, 60, says deadpan that his debut as a professional jockey came at the age of five, when an older brother bet him sixpence that he couldn't take their Welsh pony over a hedge while sitting backward in the saddle. After five falls, daring Dick collected. The steeplechase riders he has written about in 21 novels have a lot in common with the young Francis. They are dogged, not necessarily the best, but decent and vulnerable; they eat a lot of mud and get mauled frequently and badly. But they do collect the bruises, the booty—and the readers.

Jockey Philip Nore, the narrator and protagonist of *Reflex*, is the most multifaceted Franciscan hero to date. Though he is passionately devoted to his way of life, the spills and the thrills, he has become increasingly disillusioned with the cheating and corruption he perceives at all levels of the racing world. Nore is a lonely man, with a badly shriveled ego that even his occasional racetrack triumphs cannot plump out. He appears to have no real sense of his own identity.

Dick Francis

Nore spent his childhood years being dumped on a variety of kindly people. He does not know who his father was. His mother died of drugs. For one happy period of his childhood, he lived with a couple of male photographers, and became a lifelong camera buff. At one point, he was also left with a race-horse trainer and learned the steeplechasing dodge. "Things had happened to me all my life," he says. "I'd never gone out looking. I had learned whatever had come my way, whatever was there."

Nore is now 30 and no longer quite the pliable good chap he grew up to be. The owner and trainer he works for have made him throw too many races, and he has reached the end of his tether. Either he rides to win, he insists, or he will not ride at all.

The decision is taken out of Nore's hands when his dying grandmother persuades him to search for a long-lost half sister. There is also the matter of a well-known racecourse photographer who is killed in a car accident. Nore becomes involved in the violent aftermath of his death. From scraps of film left by the track photographer, the shutterbug-jockey suspects that the dead man had been blackmailing some of the racing world's leading figures. Between falls on the track and a savage attack by two hit men, Nore suffers even more than the normal ration of violence doled out to Dick Francis' heroes.

Though the author generally writes more feelingly about horses than about women, in *Reflex* he snaps off a sophisticated lady who is both believable and likable. In Clare, a 22-year-old book editor, Nore finds "a feeling of continuity, of belonging." In addition, Clare helps him realize that he has a way with a shutter that is more distinctive by far than his hand with a whip. Lens *sana in corpore sano*. This is Francis' most complex novel to date. It proves that writers, unlike jockeys, can get better each time around.

—By Michael Demarest

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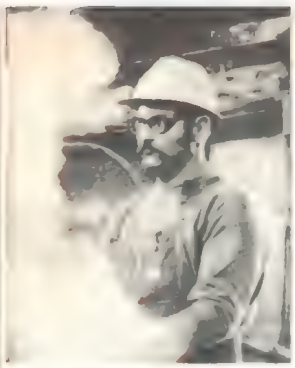


Working steel

Trading stocks

Making TV sets

Training teachers

Tending sugar beets

Essay

What Is the Point of Working?

When God foreclosed on Eden, he condemned Adam and Eve to go to work. Work has never recovered from that humiliation. From the beginning, the Lord's word said that work was something bad: a punishment, the great stone of mortality and toil laid upon a human spirit that might otherwise soar in the infinite, weightless playfulness of grace.

A perfectly understandable prejudice against work has prevailed ever since. Most work in the life of the world has been hard, but since it was grindingly inevitable, it hardly seemed worth complaining about very much. Work was simply the business of life, as matter-of-fact as sex and breathing. In recent years, however, the ancient discontent has grown elaborately articulate. The worker's usual old bitching has gone to college. Grim tribes of sociologists have reported back from office and factory that most workers find their labor mechanical, boring, imprisoning, stultifying, repetitive, dreary, heartbreaking. In his 1972 book *Working*, Studs Terkel began: "This book, being about work, is, by its very nature, about violence—to the spirit as well as to the body." The historical horrors of industrialization (child labor, Dickensian squalor, the dark satanic mills) translate into the 20th century's robotic busywork on the line, tightening the same damned screw on the Camaro's fire-wall assembly, going nuts to the banging, jangling Chaplinesque whirr of modern materialism in labor, bringing forth issue, disgorging itself upon the market.

The lamentations about how awful work is prompt an answering wail from the management side of the chasm: nobody wants to work any more. As American productivity, once the exuberant engine of national wealth, has dipped to an embarrassingly uncompetitive low, Americans have shaken their heads: the country's old work ethic is dead. About the only good words for it now emanate from Ronald Reagan and certain beer commercials. Those ads are splendidly mythic playlets, romantic idealizations of men in groups who blast through mountains or pour plumingly molten steel in factories, the work all grit and grin. Then they retire to flip around iced cans of sacramental beer and debrief one another in a warm sundown glow of accomplishment. As for Reagan, in his presidential campaign he enshrined work in his rhetorical "community of values," along with family, neighborhood, peace and freedom. He won by a landslide.

Has the American work ethic really expired? Is some old native eagerness to level wilderness and dig and build and invent now collapsing toward a decadence of dope, narcissism, income transfers and aerobic self-actualization?

The idea of work—work as an ethic, an abstraction—arrived rather late in the history of toil. Whatever edifying and pietistic things may have been said about work over the centuries (Kahlil Gibran called work "love made visible," and the Benedictines say, "To work is to pray"), humankind has always tried to avoid it whenever possible. The philosophical swells of ancient Greece thought work was degrading; they kept an underclass to see to the laundry and other details of basic social maintenance. That prejudice against work persisted down the centuries in other aristocracies. It is supposed, however, to be inherently un-American. Edward Kennedy likes to tell the story of how, during his first campaign for the Senate, his opponent said scornfully in a debate: "This man has never worked a day in his life!" Kennedy says that the next morning as he was shaking hands at a factory gate, one worker leaned toward him and confided, "You ain't missed a goddamned thing."

The Protestant work ethic, which sanctified work and turned it into vocation, arrived only a few centuries ago in the formulations of Martin Luther and John Calvin. In that scheme, the worker collaborates with God to do the work of the universe, the great design. One scholar, Leland Ryken of Illinois' Wheaton College, has pointed out that American politicians and corporate leaders who preach about the work ethic do not understand the Puritans' original, crucial linkage between human labor and God's will.

During the 19th century industrialization of America, the idea of work's inherent virtue may have seemed temporarily implausible to generations who labored in the mines and mills and sweatshops. The century's huge machinery of production punished and stunned those who ran it.

And yet for generations of immigrants, work *was* ultimately availing; the numb toil of an illiterate grandfather got the father a foothold and a high school education, and the son wound up in college or even law school. A woman who died in the Triangle Shirtwaist Co. fire in lower Manhattan had a niece who made it to the halcyon Bronx, and another generation on, the family went to Westchester County. So for millions of Americans, as they labored through the complexities of generations, work worked, and the immigrant work ethic came at last to merge with the Protestant work ethic.

The motive of work was all. To work for mere survival is desperate. To work for a better life for one's children and grandchildren lends the labor a fierce dignity. That dignity, an unconquerably hopeful energy and aspiration—driving, persisting like a life force—is the American quality that many find missing now.

The work ethic is not dead, but it is weaker now. The psychology of work is much changed in America. The acute, painful memory of the Great Depression used to enforce a disciplined and occasionally docile approach to work—in much the way that older citizens in the Soviet Union do not complain about scarce

Essay

food and overpopulated apartments, because they remember how much more horrible everything was during the war. But the generation of the Depression is retiring and dying off, and today's younger workers, though sometimes laid off and kicked around by recessions and inflation, still do not keep in dark storage that residual apocalyptic memory of Hoovervilles and the Dust Bowl and banks capsizing.

Today elaborate financial cushions—unemployment insurance, union benefits, welfare payments, food stamps and so on—have made it less catastrophic to be out of a job for a while. Work is still a profoundly respectable thing in America. Most Americans suffer a sense of loss, of diminution, even of worthlessness, if they are thrown out on the street. But the blow seldom carries the life-and-death implications it once had, the sense of personal ruin. Besides, the wild and notorious behavior of the economy takes a certain amount of personal shame out of joblessness: if Ford closes down a plant in New Jersey and throws 3,700 workers into the unemployment lines, the guilt falls less on individuals than on Japanese imports or American car design or an extortionate OPEC.

Because today's workers are better educated than those in the past, their expectations are higher. Many younger Americans have rearranged their ideas about what they want to get out of life. While their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers concentrated hard upon plow and drill press and pressure gauge and tort, some younger workers now ask previously unimaginable questions about the point of knocking themselves out. For the first time in the history of the world, masses of people in industrially advanced countries no longer have to focus their minds upon work as the central concern of their existence.

In the formulation of Psychologist Abraham Maslow, work functions in a hierarchy of needs: first, work provides food and shelter, basic human maintenance. After that, it can address the need for security and then for friendship and "belongingness." Next, the demands of the ego arise, the need for respect. Finally, men and women assert a larger desire for "self-actualization." That seems a harmless and even worthy enterprise but sometimes degenerates into self-infatuation, a vaporously selfish discontent that dead-ends in isolation, the empty face that gazes back from the mirror.

Of course in patchwork, pluralistic America, different classes and ethnic groups are perched at different stages in the work hierarchy. The immigrants—legal and illegal—who still flock densely to America are fighting for the foothold that the jogging tribes of self-actualizers achieved three generations ago. The zealously ambitious Koreans who run New York City's best vegetable markets, or boat people trying to open a restaurant, or chicanos who struggle to start a small business in the *barrio* are still years away from est and the Sierra Club. Working women, to the extent that they are new at it, now form a powerful source of ambition and energy. Feminism—and financial need—have made them, in effect, a sophisticated-immigrant wave upon the economy.

Having to work to stay alive, to build a future, gives one's exertions a tough moral simplicity. The point of work in that case is so obvious that it need not be discussed. But apart from the sheer necessity of sustaining life, is there some inherent worth in work? Carlyle believed that "all work, even cotton spinning, is noble; work is alone noble." Was he right?

It is seigneurial cant to romanticize work that is truly detestable and destructive to workers. But misery and drudgery are always comparative. Despite the sometimes nostalgic haze around their images, the pre-industrial peasant and the 19th century American farmer did brutish work far harder than the assembly line. The untouchable who sweeps excrement in the streets of Bombay would react with blank incomprehension to the malaise of some $17-an-hour workers on a Chrysler assembly line. The Indian, after all, has passed from "alienation" into a degradation that is almost mystical. In Nicaragua, the average 19-year-old peasant has worked longer and harder than most Americans of middle age. Americans prone to restlessness about the spiritual disappointments of work should consult unemployed young men and women in their own ghettos: they know with painful clarity the importance of the personal dignity that a job brings.

Americans often fall into fallacies of misplaced sympathy. Psychologist Maslow, for example, once wrote that he found it difficult "to conceive of feeling proud of myself, self-loving and self-respecting, if I were working, for example, in some chewing-gum factory ..." Well, two weeks ago, Warner-Lambert announced that it would close down its gum-manufacturing American Chicle factory in Long Island City, N.Y.; the workers who had spent years there making Dentyne and Chiclets were distraught. "It's a beautiful place to work," one feeder-catcher-packer of chewing gum said sadly. "It's just like home." There is a peculiar elitist arrogance in those who discourse on the brutalizations of work simply because they cannot imagine themselves performing the job. Certainly workers often feel abstracted out, reduced sometimes to dreary robotic functions. But almost everyone commands endlessly subtle systems of adaptation: people can make the work their own and even cherish it against all academic expectations. Such adaptations are often more important than the famous but theoretical alienation from the process and product of labor.

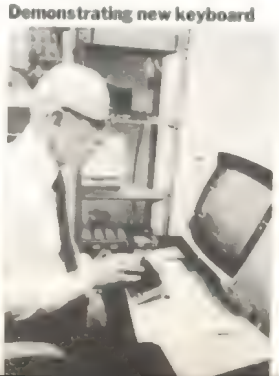
Work is still the complicated and crucial core of most lives, the occupation melded inseparably to the identity; Freud said that the successful psyche is one capable of love and of work. Work is the most thorough and profound organizing principle in American life. If mobility has weakened old blood ties, our co-workers often form our new family, our tribe, our social world; we become almost citizens of our companies, living under the protection of salaries, pensions and health insurance. Sociologist Robert Schrank believes that people like jobs mainly because they need other people: they need to gossip with them, hang out with them, to schmooze. Says Schrank: "The workplace performs the function of community."

Unless it is dishonest or destructive—the labor of a pimp or a hit man, say—all work is intrinsically honorable in ways that are rarely understood as they once were. Only the fortunate toil in ways that express them directly. There is a Renaissance splendor in Leonardo's effusion: "The works that the eye orders the hands to make are infinite." But most of us labor closer to the ground. Even there, all work expresses the laborer in a deeper sense: all life must be worked at, protected, planted, replanted, fashioned, cooked for, coaxed, diapered, formed, sustained. Work is the way that we tend the world, the way that people connect. It is the most vigorous, vivid sign of life—in individuals and in civilizations.

—By Lance Morrow

Wiring building

Demonstrating new keyboard



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